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ESSAY

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN ; AND THE TRUE MODES  
OF ENCOURAGING AND PERFECTING THEM.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP.

MANKIND are too much disposed to view the fine arts, their professors and their results, as affairs remote from the ordinary pursuits and enjoyments of life : but such a view of them is taken through a mist of ignorance and consequent prejudice. Seeing, they do not see. To the multitude, seeing with the mind's eye is onerous ; and reflection troublesome. It is this disposition to see without observing — this wish to avoid the trouble of examination — that is one great cause of the slow progress of truth. It gives facility to every species of imposture. The Impostor asserts boldly, and relies upon the known disposition to receive without examination all that accords with self-love : his dupes are irritated if their weakness is exposed ; and he finally has the hardihood to declare that human reason in the mass of mankind is incompetent to the discovery of truth. The Impostor and the Dupe join to destroy any one who would tear the mask from the first, and open the eyes of the second to his own folly.

From the ordinary path of life which the savage pursues, the fine arts are really remote ; but the products of the arts of design surround the civilized man, and are the basis of his ordinary comforts as well as the ornament of his habitual luxuries ; while music refines and elevates his thoughts, and poetry enters into the most precious part of his moral education. If he does not duly appreciate them, and pay the tribute of his gratitude to those who cultivate these glorious arts, it is because they are, like the luminaries of heaven, constantly be-

fore him, unnoticed, because familiar ; although enlightening his otherwise dark, cheerless, and rugged road through life. From the same great and bountiful source of good proceed the millions of suns and their revolving planets, and those brilliant minds which have enlightened the world by poesy, the strains of the harp and the lyre, the sublime images of the benefactors of the human race, whether male or female, whether produced by sculpture or painting, and the equally sublime edifices erected to protect these works of art and their admirers from injury — yet how prone are we to forget the source of all our blessings, and having ever before us the wonders of the universe, and the emanations from the minds of the most favored of men, we neither see, nor hear, nor understand them. May stronger voices than mine remind you of your obligations to the Giver of all Good ; be it my humbler task to call your attention to the blessings conferred on society by the arts of design, and to remind you of the gratitude due to their professors.

Before the benign influence shed upon him by the fine arts, man *existed* ; he can scarcely be said to have *lived, as man*. He existed as the native of New Holland exists — as the beasts of the forest exist. He approached to the life of man by the invention of the necessary arts ; those which subdued to his rule the objects of the chase, the forest, or the jungle which sheltered them, and even the mighty deep with its inhabitants. With these arts necessary to his existence man may enjoy life as one expelled from paradise, but, as the venerable Richardson has truly said, in other words, the fine arts raise him again to that state of purity, if duly cultivated with thankful heart, which may be likened to his existence when he walked with God, and joined in hymns of love with the host of heaven.

Let the man of easy circumstances and cultivated mind look around upon the objects which present themselves in the streets, in the public edifices, and in his own drawing-room, dining-room, saloon, or study. Every public building owes its usefulness and its beauty, its form and its decorations, to the arts of design. Every private dwelling is equally indebted to the same source. The stately column, the chiselled statue, the memorials of great events recorded by sculpture or painting, the domestic utensils of our hearths and our houses — the urn which smokes on the social board, or the lamp which irradiates the hall, the saloon, the chamber, or the study — the figures of the carpet and the hearth-rug — the mantel-piece and its ornaments — nay, the inkstand, which furnishes the means of inditing our thoughts, and the table that supports it — evince their origin from those who cultivated the arts which deservedly are called *fine* — the arts which have only flourished where mind has been the object of cultivation, and riches considered only as subservient to refinement. I have on ano-

ther occasion quoted the words of an English painter on the subject of the arts of design. Speaking of those arts called necessary, he says, "let them boast of that necessity; they are ministerial to us only as wretched beings; whereas painting and sculpture are the foremost in the number of those adapted to a state of innocence and joy: they are not necessary to our being — but to our happiness as rational creatures, they are absolutely so."

An elegant writer in the *American Quarterly Review* has said, "until the imagination ceases to be a faculty of the human soul, all attempts to bind man down to the earth, or to contract the empire of the ideal, are indicative merely of a false perception of the nature of our species. We live but on an isthmus, looking on either side over the wide expanse of the past and the future for the sources of our enjoyment. Our duties to ourselves, and to society, too, are performed with more reference to the same faculty" — the imagination — "than to any graduated scale of duty or utility. The sentence which condemned us to eternal toil, had indeed been severe, had it not been mitigated by this alleviation." "The ideal and the imaginative are the softeners and refiners of intellectual and social ruggedness, as the useful is the subduer of material forms and the director of brute force. Society never acquires pliancy and grace, until it feels their united influence." That benign influence we see around us. Let me impress upon you the duty we owe to society — a duty only to be performed by cherishing literature and the arts.

We trace our architecture to the remotest ages of Egypt, made more perfect by the Greeks of Asia Minor and Europe. Sculpture we find in existence among the most barbarous nations and in the most remote ages. Painting appears to be of more recent invention. Sculpture and Painting in their refined state have the same origin with the most perfect architecture.

We yet look for our models in architecture and sculpture, to the wonderful people whose descendants are now emerging from the horrors of slavery and its consequent barbaric ignorance. In aiding them to assume the attitude of freedom civilized man only pays a part of the debt that the world owes to their forefathers. We owe to antiquity the delights of music and poetry; we owe to it the invention of letters, by the aid of which those arts have been preserved to us; had the discovery of engraving and printing been given to the favored people of Greece, the world would not have been involved in that cimmerian darkness, from which it has been slowly and painfully retrieved by the struggles of ages. We owe to antiquity the blessings of the fine arts, and the foundations of science; but the modern may boast that the art which will perpetuate knowledge and prevent a second deluge of barbarism — the art which is now overthrowing super-

stitution and tyranny is *his*, and due to *his time* alone : the press will secure to the future all the blessings derived from the past — all the glorious improvements with which the *present* teems — and by the progress of civil and religious liberty, the arts of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, (the latter so much indebted to the arts of design) as well as all the arts which adorn and forward the perfection of civilized life will be secured to the latest posterity.

Books, which secure to man the accumulated stores of knowledge derived from past ages, are indebted to the arts of design for rendering them more acceptable to the reader, and in many instances for illustrations, which not only give delight but elucidate the subject treated — explain the author's meaning — and impress facts and objects indelibly upon the memory. A just idea of many mechanical inventions could not be adequately conveyed to the reader without delineated and engraved representations of the machines and their various parts. Scientific books, and especially those on natural history, would be almost a dead letter if not accompanied by the productions of the pencil and the burin. The arts of design thus give additional life to science, and aid her in the support of that civil liberty to which they owe their perfection — for it is to liberty that the arts are indebted for their past and present perfection.

It is not too much to attribute such a vital influence upon the fine arts to liberty. Periods of despotic rule have been brought forward in argument to support a contrary doctrine : periods of splendid despotism have been adorned by the arts ; but they have been periods whose brilliant productions had been prepared by the previous progress and triumphs of republicanism. The age of Alexander had been preceded by Grecian democracy ; that of Augustus by the glories of republican Rome. And on the revival of literature and the arts, after the darkness of the middle ages, those works which were the pride of Italy during the despotism of the Medici, were produced by the previous freedom of the Italian States.

Our own happy country shows the influence of liberty upon the arts. Those portions of Europe which are debased by the miscalled legitimate rulers of the earth, who are striving to support an unholy dominion, by what they call a holy alliance, are already showing symptoms of decay in the fine arts ; and can only be saved from barbarism, by the influence and efforts of those states whose governments are opposed to despotism, and whose people enjoy freedom of opinion and the freedom of the press.

The arts, raised to as great a height as the vacillating and imperfect form of government would admit, by the republic of Rome, declined from the age of Augustus ; and Europe for a thousand years was involved in barbarous ignorance, groaning under every species of tyranny

and disorder that could be inflicted by the imbecility or vices of hereditary legitimates.

Literature would have been lost but for the safeguard of christianity, which, although debased and almost strangled by superstition, preserved itself by its fundamental, immortal vitality, and protected the seeds of that knowledge which republicanism had engendered, and which has given warmth and light to the present day ; — that knowledge which must eventually overthrow the evil principle that is now gathering together, concentrating its utmost force, in the vain hope of impeding the progress of those institutions on which all human happiness depends — the institutions of free government — the government of the people — the institutions which guarantee civil and religious liberty.

The history of Europe, and particularly of England, the land of our forefathers, is most familiar to Americans ; and when we look back but a little way into the pages of the historian, we are astonished to find with what rapidity the knowledge of the principles of free government, personal liberty, literature, the sciences, and the arts have progressed, as if all linked and moving together. Personal liberty was literally unknown under the Norman kings of England. The sovereigns and hierarchs of the island trembled under the rod, or at the frown of an Italian priest, who assumed, and was allowed, to dispose of the earth, and believed to have power to shut or open the gates of heaven. The robber barons were either rebellious or submissive vassals to the tyrant kings, and the mass of the nation were slaves or villeins — attached to and sold with the land on which they labored. The villein was in one respect in a more deplorable condition than the African negroes, who were introduced as slaves into America when she was subject to Great Britain. The negro was only bound to labor for his lord ; but the English villein not only obeyed the noble and the priest, and supported their pride by the sweat of his brow ; but by shedding his blood, or the blood of others, in scenes of robbery, predatory war, or murder. The bishop emulated the baron in the number of his military retainers, and the splendor of those trains of vassals, horses, dogs, and falcons with which he hunted the beasts of the forests and the birds of the air — reserved to prey upon the labors of the husbandman, as sources of amusement to his master. It was deemed necessary by the higher hierarchy to limit the number of horses in a bishop's hunting train to *fifty*. Nor were birds and beasts the only victims sacrificed to the pleasures of these mitred Nimrods ; they were hunters of man, and exterminators of rational inquiry. Where tyranny and slavery exist, the arts languish and die.

The arts — even the art of war — was, in such a state of society, unknown ; and the business of life was to inflict or avoid misery.

"Every one that was not noble," says the historian, "was a slave," and the noble was only learned in the use of the sword, the battle-axe, and the lance; and could only give authority to a deed — if an ecclesiastic could be found learned enough to write it — by affixing his seal or his mark. We have the authority of Hallam, the philosophic historian of the middle ages, for saying that "for many centuries it was rare for a layman, of whatever rank, to know how to sign his name." And of the clergy, the depositaries of literature, it is asserted on the authority of a council held in Rome, anno domini 992, that "scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself, who knew the first elements of letters. Not one priest in a thousand in Spain, about the age of Charlemagne, could address a common letter of salutation to another;" nor was their learning in England of a higher grade. The inferior clergy, cut off from society by vows, and immersed in barbaric ignorance, had yet the honor of preserving the little remains of literature and civilization which tyranny and war had not extinguished. Despotism over mind and body reigned absolute; ignorance was triumphant; and the fine arts dead; or, where possessed of any lingering remains of life, only served to pamper pride, minister to sensuality, or strengthen superstition.

Even domestic architecture, and the arts which administer to the necessities and comforts of life, were, as known to the noble, but a few centuries back, in a state that would inflict misery on the English or American merchant of moderate wealth at the present time. The round tower, with its loop-holes and *dungeon* — and even the castelated mansion was poor in contrivance, and poorer in furniture. The chimney, the carpeted floor, or the glazed window, were unknown. In the fourteenth century chimneys are recognized. Still "the walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster." In the reign of Edward the fourth of England, great houses had hangings. Of mirrors or carpets, books or pictures, there were none; and of chairs or tables few. A rich man's plate consisted of sixteen spoons, some goblets and ale-pots. A carpenter's stock of tools "was valued at a shilling," and amounted to five pieces. I bring forward this sketch of the state of our English progenitors before they had the blessings of liberty, that you may see what the arts have done for us at the present enlightened day. The food of tyranny is ignorance and misery; liberty cherishes and is supported by the arts.

Liberty and the arts owed their revival to commerce. Communities for commercial purposes bought, or forced privileges from kings and nobles. Manufactures required the aid of the arts of design; and commerce required manufactures. Commercial cities not only secured personal liberty to their burghers, but the villein — even under the Norman kings of England — who could gain an asylum within the

precincts of a city for a year and a day, became a free man. To the cities and commerce we owe the revival of liberty and the arts. Yet even so late as the reign of James the first of England, the distinction between a villein and a free man existed ; though the influence of the commons in parliament, and the commercial propensities of mankind, growing age by age, had rendered it nearly obsolete. Indebted to commerce, the arts have repaid the debt with liberal interest. Through the arts of design every species of manufacture received a value, adding to its importance and commercial currency. It is not only the utility of an object that renders it desirable ; mankind very justly appreciate beauty, and that which delights the eye excites the imagination and adds to human happiness.

Hume has said, "it may appear strange that the progress of the arts, which seems among the Greeks and Romans to have daily increased the number of slaves, should in later times have proved so general a source of liberty." But I have shown that the progress of the arts never increased the number of slaves. Where slavery increased, the arts declined, and ever must decline.

The same historian more justly remarks, that "one chief advantage which resulted from the introduction and progress of the arts, was the introduction and progress of freedom ; and this consequence affected men, both in their *personal* and *civil* capacities." This is eminently true. The introduction of the arts is both the cause and effect of liberty. Where slavery exists, art is neglected and the artist despised, more or less, according to the state of society and the prevalence of liberty. Even now, in Great Britain, supposed the best government in Europe — where the arts are honored by the public — a sprig of nobility is considered as contaminated if he becomes an artist by profession. And within my memory, even here, a merchant or a lawyer has been found so ignorant as to think himself superior to a professor of the fine arts.

The Flemings are justly proud of their unconquerable love for liberty and the fine arts. They boast of their patriots who resisted, and continue to resist tyranny ; and of their Rubenses, Van Eykes, Hemlinks and Vandykes ; and they exhibit with pride the chronicles of their country, and the productions of their artists. A manufacturer of Brussels will display the superiority of the Flemish school of painters over that of the Dutch, with as much enthusiasm as an Italian will feel in claiming the honors of precedence for the music of his native land, over that of the ultramontano nations of Europe. A David Teniers is proved to be as far above a Gerard Dow, as a Titian is superior to a Rembrandt. Flanders, though cruelly oppressed at times, and for ages scourged by the wars of kings, was, and remains, republican in spirit, and despises her Dutch neighbors for bending the knee to the

house of Orange. Both countries may be proud of the devotion they have shown to the rights of man, and progress in the arts which refine and adorn society.

The great experiment of a national democratic government, where the will of the people, expressed by their representatives, is the foundation of all law, is now gazed at by the world, and the people of all nations are standing on tiptoe, eager for the race in which we are leaders. It is to be seen if we shall not be the leaders in arts, as well as in political institutions. Both have to struggle against a current of ignorance — against a disposition to mimic the hereditary nobles of Europe, and against the untaught portion of the populace of our cities, adulterated by the outcast pauperism of the old world. But there is a power in our happy country which ensures the triumph of liberal institutions and of the arts; it resides in an aristocracy of cultivated mind, and is diffused through the community by our public schools, and the ever increasing attention to education.

While we see that the minds of men are alive to the great business of diffusing knowledge — an employment of such vital importance to republicanism — while the despots of Europe are considering by what means they shall satisfy the demands of the people for instruction, and yet so modify it as to continue their bondage — happily a vain hope! — let us turn our attention to the best method of encouraging the progress of the arts in our country, and of stimulating our artists to equal, or excel, the republicans of former days.

*As* for other branches of knowledge, so for the arts of design, schools are necessary; and *as* in the choice of teachers in other branches of knowledge, those who have studied and profess those branches are alone supposed competent; so professors of the arts of design, it would seem, are the only competent teachers of those arts. This appears so self-evident that it would require an apology for its insertion in this essay, if we did not see intelligent men, at this day, assuming to themselves the office of directors in academies devoted ostensibly to the instruction of students in painting, sculpture, and other fine arts; although conscious that they are not possessed of any requisite for the promotion of those arts, except taste for their products, and the possession of wealth.

Such requisites should be directed to the foundation of schools for the teaching those arts, and the endowment of competent professorships.—To the just appreciation of the works of artists, and the liberal reward of those who excel.—To the purchase of the fruits of their successful labors, and offers of liberal prices for their productions, without trammelling the artist by indicating the subject.—To the introduction of chef d'œuvres of ancient or modern art, as models and excitements to the artists of our country. Let the wealth and taste of our intelli-

gent men be so employed, and let the schools and academies be governed by those who are acquainted, not only with the history, but with the theory and *practice* of the arts there taught.

Great encouragement to the arts has been, and is now given, by the establishments of buildings in which to deposit the works of genius for public exhibition, and by collecting meritorious specimens of the arts, thereby rewarding the talents of the artist, diffusing a knowledge of art generally, and forwarding the studies of such persons as devote themselves professionally to any of the branches of the arts of design. This is a mode of teaching the nation — forming the minds of a people to taste and civilization — which falls within the province of men of intelligence and wealth, of every profession ; but it is only for artists to govern, direct and teach, in academies dedicated to the fine arts.

The professors of the fine arts in America, (and I believe in no other country,) have been told that artists are incompetent to govern an academy intended for teaching those arts they profess — that they are prone to divisions and quarrelling — that they require men of other professions to keep them in order — that they are bad financiers, and need men more conversant with making and keeping money, to regulate their receipts and expenditures. Let us examine these objections to the competency of artists for managing schools of art.

In the first place I deny, from my own knowledge, founded upon the experience of a long life, that the professors of the fine arts are more prone to division and warfare than the professors of any other liberal pursuit. The unworthy of any profession ought to be shunned and frowned upon, if incorrigible, by those whose usefulness is prevented by the vices of men disgracing an honorable calling. But in this, artists only act as other men do.

When men are associated for any public purpose, they choose governors or directors, and conduct their affairs by the voice of a majority. Artists do the same. If there has appeared in this country any division among artists, more than is common among others, it has arisen from the assumption of men of other professions, who have, with good intentions, aspired to be the directors of the schools and the pursuits of painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects ; and who have, by the influence of wealth, and general information, gained adherents to doctrines inimical to the arts ; but in England, for the greater part of a century, and in New-York for nine years, (the whole time of the existence of an academy governed by artists,) the arts of design have been taught successfully ; and the business of instruction, with the arrangement of exhibitions, conducted prosperously ; with as much unanimity, if not much more, than is found in associations for any other purpose, or among men of any other professions. The result has been a progress in the arts, and an increase in the number and moral worth of

artists, that is truly gratifying to every liberal mind. The dependent can never arrive at the dignity of man ; it belongs to the self-governed alone.

*Secondly.* It has been proved that when men of other professions are mingled in the councils of artists, discontent and division has ensued. Such men are generally wealthy, and although well-informed on other subjects, many of them are deplorably ignorant, without knowing it, in respect to the arts, for the benefit of which the association is formed ; and strong in the consciousness of their general information, and successful acquisition of property, feel themselves superior to the mere artist, even though that artist possesses science and literature in a measure far above his supposed protector. This feeling of superiority takes place because the poverty of the artist is apparent, too generally, and his influence in society is very limited, from that circumstance, and from his secluded habits, the consequence of his necessary industry, and the nature of his studies.

However liberal the intentions, and great the taste of gentlemen who have not studied the arts of design with a view to being professors, their aid in an academy as *directors* or *mediators* is not wanted : and can only be supposed needful, from the prevalence of notions derogatory to the character of the arts and artists of any country.

Such men should gratify their tastes by employing artists, and by enriching their country with the products of the arts. Such men we have ; and it is only by such means that they become patrons of the arts.

*Thirdly.* That artists are bad financiers, and require men more conversant with dollars and cents to manage their receipts and expenditures, is found as weak an objection to the government of academies for teaching the arts, *they* alone can teach, being intrusted to them, as, that they are more quarrelsome than other men, more imbecile, more vicious, (for all these charges are implied in the objections I have considered,) or requiring more than others the guardianship of their superiors in wisdom.

The money for the support of academies such as the National Academy of Design in New-York, and the Royal Academy of London, proceeds from the exhibition of the works of living artists. The expenditures are for rent, in New-York, and for the support of the schools. Nothing can be more simple than the office of a treasurer, elected from the board of directors ; and to suppose that any artist is incompetent to the keeping or examining such an account, is an insult to all who profess the fine arts.

That as individuals they are not generally wealthy — that by shutting themselves in their studies, and devoting their thoughts to the improvement of their minds rather than their fortunes — that they are not

possessed of that useful knowledge which leads to happy purchases of the articles of mercantile traffic — of stocks — or of building lots — does not render them less competent to the very simple process of keeping their expenditures within the bounds of their receipts.

But the answer to objections which have been made, and are pertinaciously repeated — to all who assert that the government of academies of art should not be intrusted to artists, *is*, that every such institution in Europe is so governed; and that the only institution of the kind in America, which is prosperous from its own resources, and which has established schools with eminent success, for the advancement of the arts, is governed by artists alone.

When the public generally, and our wealthy, liberal, and intelligent citizens shall be convinced of this truth — when the prejudices which have been generated and cherished to the contrary, shall be dissipated; those citizens who wish well to the arts, will endow such academies with the means of increased teaching, furnish them with suitable buildings and models of every kind, and duly honor the men who from a love of the arts they profess, are willing to sacrifice ease, time, and money, for the facilitating their progress to that perfection they are destined to attain, by the influence of our republican institutions.

If I have succeeded in showing the great benefits we derive from the arts of design — their importance to manufactures and commerce — their intimate connexion with our domestic comforts — their congeniality with our democratic government — their influence upon that refinement and civilization which is destined for us, as rational and immortal beings — and in proving that schools for teaching and diffusing the arts, must be directed by artists alone — I may hope that men of liberality and wealth, will aid our artists individually: and second their efforts in the formation of academies, as well as by establishing such praiseworthy institutions as that of the Boston Athenæum, for depositaries of all that is precious in literature and the arts.

## PICTURES OF WINTER.

SPRING, with her cowslipped brooks,  
 Her moss-hid violets, and her leafy mirth,  
 The queenly Summer, with harmonious looks  
 Of sky, of wave, and earth,  
 Autumn, with dropping fruit and garnered grain,  
 Have circled by in their appointed reign,  
 And gloomy Winter, with his frowning brow  
 And stormy terrors, is around us now.

He rushed upon the blast —  
 Froze Nature at a glance — his icy feet  
 Placed on the snowy robe around her cast —  
 He watches from his seat ;  
 Clouds round his head and tempests on his breath,  
 Type of the soul, her temporary death ;  
 Yet, 'mid the desert grandeur of his throne,  
 Scenes has the cold, stern sovereign of his own :

Brilliant the day and clear  
 The sky of cloudless azure, keen the air,  
 The sunshine broad and rich, yet earth is sear ;  
 The branches bleak and bare,  
 The plant that bent beneath the warbling wren  
 'Mid the dead grass has drooped ; within its glen  
 Lies locked in ice the merry streamlet's tongue,  
 Which to its bank bent flowers so sweetly sung.

Skeleton-like and grim,  
 The forest mourns its green embowering wreaths  
 That danced like fairy feet to every hymn  
 The scented west wind breathes ;  
 Crackling and piled the leafy masses lie,  
 'Mid the tall trunks exposed the deer bounds by,  
 The squirrel seeks around the beechen spot  
 The buried nut to store his little grot.

But now, a glimmering cloud  
 Steals o'er the sky, and, deepening as it spreads,  
 Hides the dimmed sun ; the dull and leaden shroud  
 Blends with the air, and sheds  
 Its first few flakes that scarce a tinge can fling  
 Upon the chirping snowbird's russet wing,  
 Then thickening, whitens tree, and hill, and dell,  
 With low, sweet murmurings, like an ocean shell.

Now, rousing in his might,  
 The North-west sweeps along his furious course,  
 Whirling the snow-clouds in his eddying flight,  
 With shrieks and roarings hoarse ;

Stripping the mantle from the mountain's crest,  
Dashing the drifts upon his hollow breast,  
Choking the vale, and bending with their weight  
The forest standing gaunt and desolate.

Hushed the fierce storm, the sky  
Glow with the chilly sunset, gold and green  
Melting in faintest crimson, see on high  
Night's most resplendent scene !  
Myriads of stars in glittering shapes are bright,  
Whose boundless sheet of burning living light,  
Might seem, while hovering watchfully in air,  
Earth's guardian angel's mantle floating there.

Yon pathway curved and wide  
Is white with radiance, and those lights that flash  
On the North sky, the native's bark to guide,  
Where splintered icebergs dash  
'Mid the chill surge, or point his dart to where  
Crouched on the glacier, growls the polar bear,  
Now shoot and waver, pale, then kindling, merge  
In varying splendor the horizon's verge.

A genial warmth is breathed  
Through the mild air, one link of Winter's chain  
Is severed, and from vapors dun and wreathed,  
Streams down the softening rain ;  
The upland slope looks out, the sunken snow  
Melts into leaping rivulets, the bough  
Casts its loose masses, and each hollow breaks ;  
Its frozen covering into tiny lakes.

Again, what forms we see  
Of glittering beauty ! here, the spruce displays  
Its diamond tassels, there, rich drapery  
Fringes the web-like sprays,  
A spangled pyramid the pine rears high,  
In sculptured ice the laurel clusters by,  
A silvery veil o'er earth's wan face is spread,  
As love would wrap the features of the dead.

Why do we always call  
Winter a tyrant ? he doth ever keep  
His guard o'er Nature, shielding with his pall  
Her necessary sleep.  
Lighting the hearth-fire of a happy home,  
Nursing the root, and bud imprisoned bloom,  
Till blue-eyed Spring shall bring her laughing hours  
Radiant with sunshine, wreathed with leaves and flowers.

A. B. S.

MONTICELLO, Sullivan County, N. Y.

## OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE MALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

"It is opportune," says the quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "to look back upon old times;" and in no department of human affairs is the saying more true, than in literature. Every year that bears the world on from the immediate presence and impression of a great writer, eternal as his fame may be, diminishes the number of minds and hearts who truly understand and feel his power: and although he may have placed himself on the summit of Parnassus, where no mortal can obscure his glory, the changing fashions and grotesque images of novelty, as they pass in rapid confusion before the eye, will insensibly draw its gaze away from that sublime contemplation. In an age, too, when succeeding productions flow in great numbers from the press, each departing more and more from the just standards of taste, from nature, and truth, the richer beauties and genuine power of a great poet are often neglected and forgotten.

If the studio of a sculptor were to be found in every street, filling a whole city with all the ungraceful images into which the forms of men or animals could be distorted, the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon, would be unnoticed by one generation and unknown to the next. Thus it is with the productions of letters: the last novel is admired as a great work, and the heroes of Shakspeare are known to half the world but as characters of the stage, in which the fashionable actors of the time occasionally appear. The studies of the young are seldom directed to the high poetry of their own language, while the whole current of taste around them carries them farther and farther from its true relish and appreciation. Writers, as well as readers, are reduced to the same low standard; and they, who might have vindicated to themselves high places in criticism, in poetry, or in fiction, have not done it, because the public taste has not required it at their hands. The writer of the present paper does not fancy that any effort of his can turn back the current of public taste; but if he shall succeed in discussing some of the characters of Shakspeare as they ought to be discussed, he will be satisfied to have the utility of his labor tested by the dignity of the subject, and the manner in which it is treated.

We seldom read the works of any writer of note, without forming to ourselves some idea of him as a man; of his character and condi-

tion, and even of his looks ; and these indistinct and general conceptions are always prompting us to look for particular facts in the history of the individual, and for known points in his character, on which we may engraft the ideas we get of him from his works. This feeling of curiosity, as well as a sentiment of gratitude to a poet who had bestowed such treasures upon mankind, long ago incited the learned to inquire after the most minute particulars in relation to Shakspeare ; and if the investigation has in some instances led to frivolous and trifling discoveries, it is to be remembered that the paucity of the materials for a Biography, made the smallest facts curious and important. But the fullest researches have produced no satisfactory result. We know very little more concerning Shakspeare, than that he was born, and that he died after writing his works ; and as he went quietly and unostentatiously through the world, without enjoying half the immediate reputation of many an inferior poet, we can never hope to know more of him from the records of contemporary history. We can indeed say what seems to have been the general tenor of his life, and we know where he was born and when he died ; nay, we even go so far as to believe that we possess correct representations of his features, which have been so long dissolved into the dust of earth. But when we have conned over these few facts, how little do we know of his real history as a man ! How can we tell what was his disposition, his prevailing temper of mind, his enjoyments, or his sufferings, and the whole tissue of circumstance out of which the web of his fate was woven ? Shall we apply to him the test by which we judge of the characters of other poets, and go to his works as the mirror in which to see reflected the feelings of his heart ? If we do so, what shall we say of him ? That he was light and cheerful, and always gay ? The sarcastic melancholy of Jaques, the deep moralizing sentiment of Hamlet, seem to forbid it. Shall we say that his spirit was always composed and tranquil amid the chequered scenes of life ? The stormy rage of the maddened Lear rises before us, to contradict the supposition. Shall we contemplate the character of Shylock, and say that the man who conceived it must himself have been vindictive and cruel ? The devotion of Juliet, the filial piety of Cordelia, the unbroken faith of Desdemona will teach a different lesson. We cannot, then, go to his works, for they are not the mirror of his own heart, but of human nature. His character must remain to us as a mystery. It is like those dreams which leave a vague and shadowy impression on the mind, and of which we can recall only a dim, majestic outline, becoming the more uncertain as we seek to fill up the details.

Having then no personal knowledge of him, to be made the subject of contemplation, and unable to regard his works as the record of his own character, we are left to the study of those created beings whom

his imagination has called into existence, and through whom he communicates to our minds with a more immediate presence than if his history were elaborately recorded. We are left to inquire, in the study of his heroes, what are the characteristics, the pervading features, the secret power of that genius, which presses upon our minds even to a sense of pain, when we contemplate the exhaustless riches of its fertility and the wonderful depth of its inspiration. We are left to ask ourselves "why are we thus moved to tears or shaken with laughter;—*why* our whole souls are filled with dread and wonder, or soothed into harmony with the whole creation?" What is it that gives the Poet this power over the human heart? What has placed him on that throne whence he looks down over the whole nature of man?

As we approach the magic circle where he creates and multiplies around him the beings of that world of his, that is so perfect in itself, so varied and yet so distinct, so full of what we see around us in life, and of what we do not see, but which we know to be there, how do they crowd upon us in all the vividness of their imperishable existence.—We are ready to hail them as they sweep by, as if they were not creations of the mind, but actual and living beings. The old philosophy of the schools taught that all created beings—the whole universe of Nature—had their abstract and corresponding types in the all-embracing mind of the Creator. In the relation of Shakspeare to human nature, this fanciful idea is hardly a fiction; for the beings in the creating circle of his imagination are the types of all human kind.

Within that charmed circle, is the beautiful and devoted Juliet, and there is the human and inhuman monster Caliban; there are the Weird Sisters, ugly, revolting, deformed shapes, and there are the elegant and graceful Fairies; there is found the tender and moralizing Hamlet, the youth of contemplation, side by side with the bold and impatient Hotspur, the youth of high and daring action; there is the sarcastic Jaques, who rails at the world which he himself has made so bad in his own mind; and there is the confident and hope-inspired Romeo, to whom the world is at first all a beauty and a paradise; there is the sincere and faithful Horatio, in contrast with the hellishly false and hollow Iago; here is Wolsey, who has reached the summit of ambition, only to be hurled into the depths that yawn beneath; and near by stands the young monarch Harry the Fifth, with the world all before him for conquest and renown; the crazed and broken hearted Ophelia rushes by, and the fortunate and happy Portia stands gazing at her in astonished pity, as if the extremities of human wretchedness and joy were a miracle when thus contrasted.—All passions that agitate the human heart, all feelings that stir within the human breast, have there their fit exhibition and portraiture; and there, as in a mirror, reflecting Creation as well as Man, are the gran-

deur and the loveliness, the awful power and the gentle breathings of Nature.

If we inquire what it is that places Shakspeare above all other poets who have undertaken to exhibit the interior heart of man, the answer is, of course, that the secret of his power lies in his profound knowledge of the human heart. But what is the secret of this knowledge of the human heart?

It is an all-comprehending and wide variety that suffers no difference of character and condition to escape unnoticed, and which embraces not a part only, but the whole subject of man, his nature and passions. A great many poets have succeeded in giving an accurate picture of some one class of characters, but have not gone beyond this, even though they may have produced many different works.\*—Now there is nothing of this kind in Shakspeare. For, not only does he never repeat himself, not only does he give a perfect exhibition of particular *traits* of character, but all his characters have an existence and identity of their own. No two of them are sufficiently alike to be compared together, except upon the principle of contrast; and if they all could be embodied and brought together in one assembly, each would bear about him his own peculiar marks, his own feelings misfortunes or successes, and his own mind differing from those of every other. When we view the characters of Shakspeare in this way, we see that he has not presented us with one idea, and contented himself with repeating it under a variety of forms; but that he has created for us a world, in which every person that we meet is a being like to no other, except in the essential and universal characteristics of humanity.

To the student of Shakspeare, his characters thus become as vivid and real as those which we encounter in life. They are the acting and moving beings in a world, into which we can expand ourselves with so complete a presence as to include them within our actual experience. What is it that constitutes our experience of man? Is it not what he has made us *feel*? Is it not what has moved our scorn, our pity, admiration, love, disgust, contempt? And what can move these but the qualities of the abstract and unincumbered soul? and are not these qualities as powerfully exhibited in the characters of imagination as in those of reality? What is it to me, that Hamlet never really existed, and that all about him which so breathes of individuality is but the creation of another's thought? He is still a man, an acting, suffering, aspiring, desponding, reflecting man; and although we cannot say that the universe any where contains an existing soul,

\* This is pre-eminently the case with Byron.

that was known on our earth here as Hamlet, yet *to us* he has existed ; for the elements so wonderfully put together in his character have acted on our minds as if he were really one in the circle of our experience of human nature. He who studies often and deeply upon such creations of the imagination, will feel and think of them not as mere productions of thought, but as persons whom he has actually known ; he will seem to read the scenes where they appear, not as mere fiction, but as the biographies of men and women who have left this record of their souls, and have now gone behind the eternal curtain, which separates the present from the future.

Let it not be said that this profound sympathy, this realization of the characters of imagination will lead to that diseased condition of the mind, which we are used to reproach as romantic. There is such a diseased state, and it is created by works of fiction. But of the true and the great ideal we can never have too much ; our hearts can never be perverted, our senses dimmed, our affections corrupted, in the contemplation of nature, for we were created in harmony with it, and it was given for the expansion and cultivation of our souls. It is only the false, the distorted, the unnatural—it is only that which has first become itself corrupted, which can communicate poison to our minds. It concerns us more, to know the spring at which we slake our inborn thirst for the imaginative, than to stint ourselves in the draughts which we may take. To instance two remarkable modern examples of poetic influence—was there ever a pure mind injured by the greatest admiration of Wordsworth ? and have there not been thousands led astray by the basilisk fascinations of Byron ?

Again, if we compare the delineations of character in all genuine poetry with our careful experience of human nature, can we say that the world of romance is more highly colored, more unreal, than the world of reality ? Who can say that the unwritten volumes of the Romance of Real Life do not contain passages as thrilling, scenes as heart-rending, as the deepest tragedy ? Are there not sudden revolutions in all human hopes, are there not awful terminations of human existence, which without the comment of an *hereafter*, would present as overwhelming manifestations of destiny as any that are displayed by the tragic muse ? The cold forms of social intercourse, the necessity of treasuring up our feelings from the wasting ebb and flow of our outward life, have thrown over the human countenance a uniform cast. The vivid action is no longer seen breaking forth in passionate expression ; but the living spirit is in every human form, and feelings strong and mighty in their energies, as those which are portrayed by the poet. We pass by in the thronged street countless forms of human life, and perhaps never fully realize the thought that each of those apparently cold and dull forms is animated by a soul—a soul that

may be plunged in the depths of despair, while all without is civil and decent, and composed. We go into the circle of elegant society, and while all wear the same aspect of a smiling and constrained politeness, we forget there are hearts which may be bursting with agony, or filled to overflowing with joy. Our nature, then, is every where the same; and it is for this reason, that we can with safety, and ought, for improvement, to indulge our sympathies with it, as it is displayed in all genuine poetry.

The distinguishing excellence of Shakspeare, in regard to the supposed effects just now discussed, is that in him there is no dazzling and deceitful exterior, no false and glittering sentiment, no perversion of the moral order in obedience to which man was created. Every thing wears the real impress of nature, as if the whole subject of man had been at once poured into the mind of the poet, without error, mistake, or omission.

Why did Shakspeare know how to exhibit man thus accurately and consistently? How should he be thus happy in representing not only the varieties of character found among one people, as in his histories, but also the different shades produced by other climates, manners, and institutions, as in the dramas, the scenes of which are laid out of England? The splendor and commercial magnificence of Venice, in her days of glory, are brought before us in the most striking manner, when we open the Merchant of Venice. In Julius Cæsar, we are transported into colossal and immortal Rome; and Madame de Stael has said that Romeo and Juliet actually breathes with the very air of Italy; and expresses her admiration that it should have been written by an Englishman.\* She might have added, by an Englishman, who not only never was in Italy, but who, in all probability, never set his foot upon the continent of Europe. Shakspeare did not wander over the earth, slowly gathering up the labored fruits of observation, and then return home to sit down and write. He never saw with his *outward* vision, the thousand forms in which human nature reveals itself. He lived for the greater part of his life, and all the time while he was writing, in the heart of London; closed up within the smoky atmosphere and dark walls of a great city; where the exterior of things wears a peculiar and uniform appearance, save to him who looks upon it with an eye of more than ordinary penetration. Nor was the great poet a learned man, as other men are, that is in books. He drew his wonderful knowledge of man and of nature from a source whence he derived all his other treasures. It made a part of his poetical inspiration; it came to him by intuition; it was breathed into his mind by the spirit of wisdom itself.

\* Corinne.

Undoubtedly Shakspeare observed such men as fell under his notice, with a keen and searching eye. But, after all, we cannot suppose that he relied much upon observation. He found in the depths of his own mind that knowledge, which other men acquire by the tedious and costly process of learning and experience. His knowledge was accurate — it was true to human nature — for it laid hold of and comprehended the first principles of the nature of man. It could not be mistaken, for it was a species of inspiration.

Milton, from the circumstance of his having written upon sacred subjects, has been called, by way of eminence, a Christian Poet. This kind of distinction, in its strict sense, cannot be claimed for Shakspeare; but if we will give ourselves to the study of his interior meaning, we shall find the spirit of his philosophy to be truly Christian in a most important feature. Who can think of Shakspeare as any other than a devout man in his inward spirit, filled with solemn awe at the resources, the sufferings, the destinies, and capacities of our race, and recognizing through the whole that everlasting arm, on which all may lean, and from which justice will be at last received? Having written, as he did, for the theatre, and in his own time as well as ever since, having been too much heard and read, as if his works embraced only that superficial meaning, which is almost all that the immediate purposes of the theatre require, we have overlooked his philosophy, and left him at the head of the drama, without drawing from him, in private study, those moral illustrations of our nature, such as no other poet has ever placed on record. The blemishes too, which the coarse taste of his contemporaries, rather than any promptings of his own genius, has left upon his pages, have been united with many to his character as a writer for the stage; and thus many a mind in the retired walks of literary ease and domestic cultivation of letters, has been deterred from the full and frequent study of his works, although all profess a superficial and passing acquaintance with them.

But the theatre has no more connexion with the moral impulse which Shakspeare gave to the world, with his fame and character, and influence as a poet, than the shop of his bookseller had with the character, the fame, the undying influence of Milton.\* The former wrote his plays for the one, as the latter wrote his immortal poems for the other; and yet, when we have stated this mercantile fact, do we feel that this is all? Posterity, as its endless millions rise out of the womb of time, proclaims the imperishable influence and meaning of the poet, while the objects with which his works were immediately connected have perished, almost beyond the shadow of a record.

\* Milton sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost*, to Tomson, a bookseller, for five pounds. D'Israeli, *Calamities of Authors*. I. 36.

When the theatre, as an institution, shall have disappeared, or become abandoned, as it will be — to nations behind the rest of the world in moral and intellectual advancement ; when it shall be remembered only as the curious instrument by which poetry found the ear of a rude age ; Shakspeare will still be remembered as the great poet of human nature ; and he will then be more deeply and universally understood. The superficial and varying comments of the stage, with its vapid and tasteless critics, will be swept away, and his meaning, apprehended by the true criticism — that of feeling — will stand revealed in the private studies of man.\*

One of the great assurances of a permanence, independent of all connexion with the theatre, is, that Shakspeare has not only written great poetry, full of instruction as to the nature of man, but that he has powerfully taught, by implication, the immortality of the soul. This would prevent his ever losing a hold upon the feelings of men, even in an age of universal infidelity ; for whatever may be the speculative opinions of mankind, the secret delight taken in the contemplation of its own immortality, can never be divorced from the human mind. But this, as a characteristic of the poet, is not often insisted upon, and perhaps but seldom recognized. I proceed, therefore, to state some reasons for regarding the immortality of our nature as a prominent feature in Shakspeare's poetry.

In general, the notion of a future existence must be taken as the foundation of all tragedy, unless it is constructed, like that of the Greeks, upon the idea of a mere uncontrolled and uncontrollable destiny. In the ancient tragedies, there are no displays of those indestructible attributes of the soul, which make it morally and critically necessary for us to look beyond the grave ; for there is little exhibited, save an heroic energy of resignation, that cries out to the wrath of the remorseless Fates, "Pour on, I will endure." Death is all along looked upon as the end ; no ideas are involved, either in the conduct or sentiments of the characters, that require us to go beyond that awful goal, in order to reconcile the inequalities, the imperfect retributions, the undying aspirations of this present state of crime, suffering, and wo. Man is represented as entirely in the hands of a relentless Fate ;

\* The popular ideas concerning any character that is much played, are generally derived from the theatre, even with individuals who do not frequent it ; such is the vast influence of periodical literature and conversation. There have doubtless been some great actors, whose playing did much for the true and deep illustration of Shakspeare. Such were the efforts of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble. But since the time of those illustrious artists, there probably have not been two other players, who have not obscured rather than illustrated Shakspeare, to the popular mind. The truth seems to be, let an actor have ever so full and accurate a conception of the poet's meaning, it is in general his policy not to attempt to execute all that he feels and knows ; for there is not one in ten thousand, who can *entirely fill up* any of the great characters. Perhaps it is beyond the reach of the most gifted, to equal *their own conception of the part.*

and when the grave closes over him, it is the grave of oblivion and annihilation. When the old, blind *Œdipus* has reached the solemn termination in the dread regularity of his ordered destiny, a sense of distress weighs upon our hearts, notwithstanding the sublime, statue-like calmness with which he sinks to rest; we would have some assurance that his divine resignation will be crowned with the bliss of an eternity: but we feel that the hope is a vain one, for the system of the poet forbids the idea of recompense, where there is no account and no accountableness, no struggle and no merit, and where all is but the manifestation of a blind fatality. But take away this idea of destiny — in other words, turn to poetry that does not acknowledge it — and no deep and consistent tragedy can exist, without involving the immortality of the soul. Such is the nature of the human soul, that those great displays of its energies, its passions and sufferings, its inward harmony with the great moral law, and the instant discord created by the violation of that law, cannot be made, without impressing us with the intrinsic proofs of its imperishable attributes, and its eternal destiny. The vast disproportion of many passions to their earthly objects — the heroism which some of them inspire — the wreck of mind and peace which others cause — the suffering of the innocent, such as no temporal reward can recompense — the impunity of the guilty, which not even their death can wholly atone for — all these things point to but one solution of tragedy, without which it can be only a mystery, to which there is no key, and which nothing can unravel.

It may be urged, that there is in Shakspeare no direct recognition of the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and no direct inculcation of it. But they are none the less forcible, though indirect. We cannot stand at the tomb of *Romeo and Juliet*, without triumphing with them, in the might of their quenchless affections, over all fear, and danger and death itself; we cannot, if we would, believe that such heroic energy of passion can be subdued into annihilation, by the simple loosening of the bands that hold together these mortal frames. We cannot listen to the soul of *Desdemona*, as it quits its matchless tenement of clay, and hear how its last words — as she gasps under the mad violence of the ruffian husband — are but testimonies of "the love she bears *Othello*," and feel how her purity has been made certain, even to him, at last, by all the holy sanctions of death, without a confidence in the final happiness of innocence and virtue. We cannot be, in imagination, at the bedside of *Falstaff*, when every jest has died from the lip, and every leer has faded from the eye, and conscience arrays before him a wasted and disreputable life, without a shudder, which nothing can suppress, at the fate of the irreverent, licentious old man. And who can study the character of *Hamlet*, and read his great reflection upon death; who can witness the whole course of that mournful drama,

in which are recorded imperfect hopes and undeserved misfortunes ; without looking beyond the mere action itself, to the rest, and peace, and retribution of a perfect world ? When Timon sets up his everlasting rest on the shore of the beached ocean,

Which once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover —

seeking in that vast expanse the image of eternity ; the grandest unchanging object in nature, brings home to our hearts the infinite expansion of hopes and aspirations in the human soul. Lear and his Cordelia lie in profound peace, side by side ; and the raging power of his uncontrollable heart, which now beats no more, and the unyielding devotion of his pious child, sound for ever in our ears, with a strange, deep harmony, that bears our thoughts on into the region of repose whither they are gone. Place the human soul in its worst scenes of suffering and wo — sink it under the weight of crushing passions — break up its finely balanced intelligence into the impotence and rage of madness — sweep its delicate chords until they send forth none but the discordant notes of anguish and a broken heart — make love itself but the instrument of misery, and when all is done, and poor human nature seems torn into ruined fragments of itself, its endless vitality will unite them again at last, and each violence of fate only brings out brighter and brighter the heaven-born energies that lay wrapped up within.

Thus it is, that the drama, in its master-pieces, rises to the dignity of a moral teacher. Thus it is, that it comes in aid of natural religion. It does not give precepts, nor directly profess to show examples under precepts already given ; but it lays open the mechanism, the power, the great laws and principles of the human heart, and thus teaches us what would escape our individual knowledge, without the light and aid of poetic inspiration. It goes farther : and, by necessary implication, teaches us the destiny and capacities of our nature, and confirms an inborn hope : for although, as has been beautifully said, “ it shows us human nature, like a rock in a vast ocean of storms, beaten and overwhelmed at times by the mighty waters of anguish and peril,” yet it carries our thoughts below the surface of the angry and lashing waters, down to the eternal foundations by which it is rooted to the great sphere.

But this discussion is lengthening beyond the intention and purposes of the writer. He has no theory to announce, or to uphold, concerning the meanings of Shakspeare. He would only suggest what must vindicate itself to the mind of every reader who studies feelingly, and who follows out in its natural direction, the train in which the poet has led the way. Much has been written on the true interpretation of

characters and passages, and whole controversies have arisen even upon lines. The writer does not profess to enter the lists in these controversies, or to claim a place among the supporters of any particular theory or commentary. He is indifferent, whether this or that reading be the true one, by a word more or less, or a letter changed or erased; he ranges himself under no opinion as to the characters. He professes to write of Shakspeare, only as he has read him — in simplicity, and with care.

Writers often imagine the temper of public criticism to be such — and perhaps it is, as to require for their efforts the apology of some supposed demand in the world of letters, for something new in the department in which they write. In the present instance, too, much has been written by fine critics, on some of the characters here discussed. To each of these suggestions, if criticism should be prompted to make them, the writer would say, that he does not claim to fill any imaginary vacancy in literature, however small; and that, as the subject of Shakspeare is as inexhaustible as truth and nature, he is not aware that the brilliant essays of others ought to deter any, whose taste leads them to the task, from accomplishing what lies in the compass of their ability.

C.

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 NATURE.

For I have learned  
 To look on nature,  
       — hearing oftentimes  
 The still, sad music of humanity.  
       — And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts.

WORDSWORTH.

My thoughts go back to boyhood, when I loved  
 To cherish sweet affections in my heart  
 For every green and solitary place —  
 When the swift rivulet seemed scarce more glad,  
 Or the wild bird more free. Then I knew  
 Where every violet found itself a home,  
 And where the wind-flower spread its azure leaf,  
 And gazed upon the sun; and I could tell  
 Where the soft twilight of the arching woods  
 Fell with most tempting beauty, and each haunt  
 Where silence listened to the warbling brook,

And feed her soul with music. Then I loved  
The mysteries of Nature. The smallest flower  
Had equal splendor with the noonday sun ;  
For by its slight and cunning workmanship  
I felt that it was God's, and thus I trod,  
E'en in the very morning of my life,  
Amid the brightness of His universe.

I thirsted for the Beautiful and True ;  
And when I cherished Beauty, I found that  
Which opened all the fountains of my heart,  
Gave me a thirst for Virtue and for Love,  
And quickened my perceptions of the Good.

And thus by Nature was my infant mind  
Illumined and made pure ; and, even now  
I fain would listen to her holy voice,  
And teach my spirit by her influence :  
I still would love to wander by the side  
Of happy inland waters, when they gleam  
With the bright lustre of the evening stars ;  
Or dimple into smiles, and faintly blush  
At the first glance of morning. I would still  
Love hill and valley, and each wild wood-flower —  
I still would wander by the running stream,  
And watch the sinking sun, and the soft clouds  
Tinted with pearl and amber. I would gaze  
Amid the stars, and let my mingled thoughts  
Go forth, piercing like light the universe.

Thus I would look upon each visible thing,  
And ravel out its meaning. I would see  
The symbols of a high and holy faith  
Held up throughout the world. The sun and stars,  
And all that is material, should seem  
A wondrous revelation of the truth —  
A manifestation of the Infinite —  
The clear outshaping of the thoughts of God.

R. C. W.

## OLD TICONDEROGA.

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A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

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IN returning once to New England, from a visit to Niagara, I found myself, one summer's day, before noon, at Orwell, about forty miles from the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, which has here the aspect of a river or a creek. We were on the Vermont shore, with a ferry, of less than a mile wide, between us and the town of Ti, in New-York.

On the bank of the lake, within ten yards of the water, stood a pretty white tavern, with a piazza along its front. A wharf and one or two stores were close at hand, and appeared to have a good run of trade, foreign as well as domestic; the latter with Vermont farmers, the former with vessels plying between Whitehall and the British dominions. Altogether, this was a pleasant and lively spot. I delighted in it, among other reasons, on account of the continual succession of travellers, who spent an idle quarter of an hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; affording me just time enough to make their acquaintance, penetrate their mysteries, and be rid of them without the risk of tediousness on either part.

The greatest attraction, in this vicinity, is the famous old fortress of Ticonderoga; the remains of which are visible from the piazza of the tavern, on a swell of land that shuts in the prospect of the lake. Those celebrated heights, Mount Defiance and Mount Independence, familiar to all Americans in history, stand too prominent not to be recognised, though neither of them precisely correspond to the images excited by their names. In truth, the whole scene, except the interior of the fortress, disappointed me. Mount Defiance, which one pictures as a steep, lofty, and rugged hill, of most formidable aspect, frowning down with the grim visage of a precipice on old Ticonderoga, is merely a long and wooded ridge; and bore, at some former period, the gentle name of Sugar Hill. The brow is certainly difficult to climb, and high enough to look into every corner of the fortress. St. Clair's most probable reason, however, for neglecting to occupy it, was the deficiency of troops to man the works already constructed, rather than the supposed inaccessibility of Mount Defiance. It is singular that the French never fortified this height, standing, as it does, in the quarter whence they must have looked for the advance of a British army.

In my first view of the ruins I was favored with the scientific guidance of a young lieutenant of engineers, recently from West Point, where he had gained credit for great military genius. I saw nothing but confusion in what chiefly interested him; straight lines and zig-zags, defence within defence, wall opposed to wall, and ditch intersecting ditch; oblong squares of masonry below the surface of the earth, and huge mounds, or turf-covered hills of stone, above it. On one of these artificial hillocks, a pine tree has rooted itself, and grown tall and strong, since the banner-staff was levelled. But where my unmilitary glance could trace no regularity, the young lieutenant was perfectly at home. He fathomed the meaning of every ditch, and formed an entire plan of the fortress from its half-obliterated lines. His description of Ticonderoga would be as accurate as a geometrical theorem, and as barren of the poetry that has clustered round its decay. I viewed Ticonderoga as a place of ancient strength, in ruins for half a century; where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; where armies had struggled, so long ago that the bones of the slain were mouldered; where Peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of War. Now the young West Pointer, with his lectures on ravelins, counterscarps, angles, and covered ways, made it an affair of brick and mortar and hewn stone, arranged on certain regular principles, having a good deal to do with mathematics but nothing at all with poetry.

I should have been glad of a hoary veteran to totter by my side, and tell me, perhaps, of the French garrisons and their Indian allies — of Abercrombie, Lord Howe, and Amherst — of Ethan Allen's triumph and St. Clair's surrender. The old soldier and the old fortress would be emblems of each other. His reminiscences, though vivid as the image of Ticonderoga in the lake, would harmonize with the gray influence of the scene. A survivor of the long-disbanded garrisons, though but a private soldier, might have mustered his dead chiefs and comrades — some from Westminster Abbey, and English churchyards, and battle-fields in Europe — others from their graves here in America — others, not a few, who lie sleeping round the fortress; he might have mustered them all, and bid them march through the ruined gateway, turning their old historic faces on me as they passed. Next to such a companion, the best is one's own fancy.

At another visit I was alone, and, after rambling all over the ramparts, sat down to rest myself in one of the roofless barracks. These are old French structures, and appear to have occupied three sides of a large area, now overgrown with grass, nettles, and thistles. The one, in which I sat, was long and narrow, as all the rest had been, with peaked gables. The exterior walls were nearly entire, constructed of gray, flat, unpicked stones, the aged strength of which promised long

to resist the elements, if no other violence should precipitate their fall. The roof, floors, partitions, and the rest of the wood-work, had probably been burnt, except some bars of stanch old oak, which were blackened with fire but still remained embedded into the window-sills and over the doors. There were a few particles of plastering near the chimney, scratched with rude figures, perhaps by a soldier's hand. A most luxuriant crop of weeds had sprung up within the edifice and hid the scattered fragments of the wall. Grass and weeds grew in the windows, and in all the crevices of the stone, climbing, step by step, till a tuft of yellow flowers was waving on the highest peak of the gable. Some spicy herb diffused a pleasant odor through the ruin. A verdant heap of vegetation had covered the hearth of the second floor, clustering on the very spot where the huge logs had mouldered to glowing coals, and flourished beneath the broad flue, which had so often puffed the smoke over a circle of French or English soldiers. I felt that there was no other token of decay so impressive as that bed of weeds in the place of the back-log.

Here I sat, with those roofless walls about me, the clear sky over my head, and the afternoon sunshine falling gently bright through the window-frames and doorway. I heard the tinkling of a cow-bell, the twittering of birds, and the pleasant hum of insects. Once a gay butterfly, with four gold-speckled wings, came and fluttered about my head, then flew up and lighted on the highest tuft of yellow flowers, and at last took wing across the lake. Next a bee buzzed through the sunshine, and found much sweetness among the weeds. After watching him till he went off to his distant hive, I closed my eyes on Ticonderoga in ruins, and cast a dream-like glance over pictures of the past, and scenes of which this spot had been the theatre.

At first, my fancy saw only the stern hills, lonely lakes, and venerable woods. Not a tree, since their seeds were first scattered over the infant soil, had felt the axe, but had grown up and flourished through its long generation, had fallen beneath the weight of years, been buried in green moss, and nourished the roots of others as gigantic. Hark! A light paddle dips into the lake, a birch canoe glides round the point, and an Indian chief has passed, painted and feather-crested, armed with a bow of hickory, a stone tomahawk, and flint-headed arrows. But the ripple had hardly vanished from the water, when a white flag caught the breeze, over a castle in the wilderness with frowning ramparts and a hundred cannon. There stood a French chevalier, commandant of the fortress, paying court to a copper-colored lady, the princess of the land, and winning her wild love by the arts which had been successful with Parisian dames. A war-party of French and Indians were issuing from the gate to lay waste some village of New England. Near the fortress there was a group of

dancers. The merry soldiers footing it with the swart savage maids ; deeper in the wood, some red men were growing frantic around a keg of the fire-water ; and elsewhere a Jesuit preached the faith of high cathedrals beneath a canopy of forest boughs, and distributed crucifixes to be worn beside English scalps.

I tried to make a series of pictures from the old French war, when fleets were on the lake and armies in the woods, and especially of Abercrombie's disastrous repulse, where thousands of lives were utterly thrown away ; but being at a loss how to order the battle, I chose an evening scene in the barracks after the fortress had surrendered to Sir Jeffrey Amherst. What an immense fire blazes on that hearth, gleaming on swords, bayonets, and musket barrels, and blending with the hue of the scarlet coats till the whole barrack-room is quivering with ruddy light ! One soldier has thrown himself down to rest, after a deer-hunt, or perhaps a long run through the woods, with Indians on his trail. Two stand up to wrestle, and are on the point of coming to blows. A fifer plays a shrill accompaniment to a drummer's song — a strain of light love and bloody war, with a chorus thundered forth by twenty voices. Mean time a veteran in the corner is prosing about Dettingen and Fontenoye, and relates camp-traditions of Marlborough's battles ; till his pipe, having been roguishly charged with gunpowder, makes a terrible explosion under his nose. And now they all vanish in a puff of smoke from the chimney.

I merely glanced at the ensuing twenty years, which glided peacefully over the frontier fortress, till Ethan Allen's shout was heard, summoning it to surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." Strange allies ! thought the British captain. Next came the hurried muster of the soldiers of liberty, when the cannon of Burgoyne, pointing down upon their strong-hold from the brow of Mount Defiance, announced a new conqueror of Ticonderoga. No virgin fortress, this ! Forth rushed the motley throng from the barracks, one man wearing the blue and buff of the Union, another the red coat of Britain, a third a dragoon's jacket, and a fourth a cotton frock ; here was a pair of leather breeches, and striped trowsers there ; a grenadier's cap on one head, and a broad-brimmed hat, with a tall feather, on the next ; this fellow shouldering a king's arm, that might throw a bullet to Crown Point, and his comrade a long fowling piece, admirable to shoot ducks on the lake. In the midst of the bustle, when the fortress was all alive with its last warlike scene, the ringing of a bell on the lake made me suddenly unclothe my eyes, and behold only the gray and weed-grown ruins. They were as peaceful in the sun as a warrior's grave.

Hastening to the rampart, I perceived that the signal had been given by the steam-boat Franklin, which landed a passenger from Whitehall

at the tavern, and resumed its progress northward, to reach Canada the next morning. A sloop was pursuing the same track; a little skiff had just crossed the ferry; while a scow, laden with lumber, spread its huge square sail and went up the lake. The whole country was a cultivated farm. Within musket shot of the ramparts lay the neat villa of Mr. Pell, who, since the revolution, has become proprietor of a spot for which France, England, and America have so often struggled. How forcibly the lapse of time and change of circumstances came home to my apprehension! Banner would never wave again, nor cannon roar, nor blood be shed, nor trumpet stir up a soldier's heart, in this old fort of Ticonderoga. Tall trees had grown upon its ramparts, since the last garrison marched out, to return no more, or only at some dreamer's summons, gliding from the twilight past to vanish among realities.

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### THE PROSE OF MILTON.

THE world is often unjust from ignorance; and accident is the arbiter of half its decisions and destinies.

It can see moon-mountains when pointed to by the telescope of Galileo, and discover a new continent when Columbus aids its vision — otherwise it is blind and witless. Addison, a century since, had the kindness to usher John Milton into the acquaintance of the world — a small squire, we must confess, for so gigantic a master; a Lilliputian leading the king of Brobdignag. Addison was, by constitution and character, eminently unfitted for the full comprehension and interpretation of the author of "Paradise Lost" — there were mysteries there which he could not read. Milton's religious enthusiasm, his solemn appeals, his grand and gorgeous worship of the Maker, Addison *could* feel and understand. But the penetralia of that mind he never entered; like an Indian savage new from the woods, he stood at the threshold of the temple, wondering and gazing at its mighty architecture — its noble columns — its overhanging roof contending with the skies; and from the very depth of his amazement had not the heart to enter.

However, the world was content with *his* adoration, and gathering around the shrine he had pointed out, fell down and worshipped. Milton became a demi-god: thenceforth his large footsteps were seen among men, while all acknowledged that his head was amid the Heavens.

We wish not to increase *that* admiration ; we merely venture in the present paper to teach a few that Milton has written other works than *Paradise Lost*, and other productions than poems — that his whole oceanic mind was not poured through that one channel — though broad and deep it be, and bear on its bosom ships of the richest burdens.

Milton has written prose as well as verse — prose which it is a matter of wonder and sorrow that the lumber of an age has been permitted so long to cover — prose which, vital with the very spirit of immortality, came strangely near perishing as one of the waste wrecks and castaways of Time. In examining the masterly prose of Milton, we shall confine ourselves to his most masterly specimen of it, namely, “*Areopagitica*, or a speech in defence of the liberty of unlicensed printing.”

We think of the whole circle of the English language (and we may say of all the languages of the earth, judging from translated specimens,) this is the loftiest, and at the same time the most compact ; the sweetest and yet most sarcastic ; the most serious and most witty offspring of its kind and compass. This seems extravagant eulogy ; it would be, spoken of any save Milton.

Burke’s prose is grand we acknowledge ; its sonorous and marching sentences, its celestial air, its hooded philosophy, claim for it the high places of our admiration. But it lacks condensation ; it is made an apparent ocean by the vast surface it is spread over ; it might have more wisely been gathered into a gulf. Milton, on the other hand, is close and strong knit ; his grander sentences advance in steel-clad battalions, well ordered and invincible, while he has at command lighter troops to skirmish and gall the enemy from the distance.

He has a fearful arm in controversy ; it is his element and delight. He seems to have lived alone truly in the tempest and conflict of debate ; he was never vanquished, and Success, we know, is no near brother to Moderation. The range of his mind in this production is little less than universal ; he brings all opinions, all governments, all times and themes, to bear upon this great theme — the Liberty of the Press. Step by step he presses on, demolishing at each blow some fairy castle of argument erected by his opposers ; and when he has finished the task, thus worthily appointed by himself, he concludes with noble eloquence in an appeal to those in whose hands the destinies of the Press were deposited, we feel that MILTON has spoken :—

“But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred, and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe, is a virtue, honored Lords and Commons ! answerable to your highest actions, and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.”

The general spirit of the “*Areopagitica*” is masculine and pure ; its inspiration seems directly of Heaven. While he thrusts aside his an-

tagonists with no child's hand, he does not forget his mistress (as he is proud to call her) Truth. He decks her forth in the most shining apparel; in various passages he alludes to her with the same warmth and feeling as if she were a personal friend.

"Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon and his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Iris made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons; nor ever shall do till her master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

Milton's prose has three qualifications which are constituents of the highest order of minds; and, what is the more miraculous, rarely, as in this instance, blended in any one composition.

The first, (which is the stamp and current impress of all his productions) is greatness, a certain lofty tone and bearing which the word *Miltonic* can alone adequately express. There is, as a single example, that noble sentence familiar to every reader of English:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, rearing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

With this Titanic loftiness is united, at times, a generous and liberal courtesy towards those against whom he is so manfully striving; he offers them the advantage of wind and sun, and yet comes off more than conqueror. But Milton is not always in this pleasant mood — when his mind is tempest tost, the unshrived adventurer on this "sea of speculation" must beware:— he has blows as well as blandishments.

Speaking of the absurdity of appointing one man (the licenser) to be a rule by which every mind is to be measured, he puts the pointed question:

"And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching? how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, when as all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal license, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hire-bound humor which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a coit's distance from him: 'I hate a pupil teacher; I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. I know nothing of the licenser, but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance; who shall warrant me his judgment?'"

And in a subsequent page, in answer to the supposition that unlicensed printing would fill the world with infidel and heretical works which might shake the faith of professors, he remarks severely that, "We should think better of the proficiency of gospel ministers than that, after all their continuous preaching, they should be still frequented with such unprincipled, unedified and laic rabble, as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking." He laughs at the thought that "all the sermons, all the lectures preached, printed, vended in such numbers and such volumes, as have now well nigh made all other books unsaleable, should not be armour enough against one single Enchindion, *without the Castle of St. Angelo of an imprimatur!*"

Yet all the more genial elements were deeply wrought into Milton's soul, and burst gloriously through even the thickest fogs of disputation. Even in the following satiric analogy (our last long quotation,) there is a predominating tone of fancy and sweetness:

"If we think to regulate printing, thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what, by their allowance, shall be thought honest; for such Pluto was provided of. It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows, also, and the balconies must be thought on; there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale;—who shall prohibit them? shall twenty licensers? The villages, also, must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and rebec reads, even to the balladry and gamut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countrymen's Arcadias\* and Monte Mayors."

Though clothed in the panoply of Hercules, he thus exhibits the agility and graces of Apollo.

But, after all, we repeat that which is most remarkable is the *majesty* of Milton's English. While listening to its musical and rolling accents we seem to be in some venerable presence, partaking inspiration from its countenance, and wrapt away in the glory of its divine eloquence. There is no pause throughout this brilliant essay in our admiration: no holiday in our worship of the gigantic mind heaving and surging before us.

His first march up to the onset, with a grave, and yet glowing demeanor, marks the importance of the conflict at hand; his opening periods fall on the ear like the heavy peal of a distant organ, collecting its music for a noble oratorio. And when he has lifted us into the highest elevations of his question, he descends upon his quarry

\* Sir Philip Sidney's.

with an overpowering talon ; his prey is secured ; his adversary is at once thrown into chains. But Milton can force merriment as well as matter of moment from controversy ; the *execution* of his enemy does not, therefore, take place forthwith — but he is reserved for awhile as the victim of mockery and sport. With a torturing dexterity Milton probes the angriest wounds in his flesh, and tents again and again the sore spots ; he is the surgeon of satire — the Sir Everard Home of disputation. And when the reader of the *Areopagitica* is about to pronounce him all this, he bursts forth with one of those eloquent axioms which are the legacies of great men to all ages :

“ Whoso kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God’s image ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself ; kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.”

We could expatiate much more at large on this noble composition — the perfection of its logic, the beauty of its language, the poetry of its sentiments — but we leave it — reluctantly in truth — and as we cast a lingering glance towards the glorious structure, we feel impelled to tell you, reader and co-laborer in the mines of knowledge ! that if you strive for mastery of mind, for strength and massiveness of thought, if you wish to bathe your young limbs in the freshest stream of your mother tongue and acquire a celestial vigor — plunge into and peruse the *Areopagitica* ; lave yourself in it ; and if you are not submerged by its Pactolian billows, thank God that he has granted *you* a double portion of the higher spirit !

C. M.

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#### SONG.

O’ER the dark sea of life as man wanders in sorrow,  
While the chain of existence is galling the soul ;  
When hating to-day, he looks on to the morrow,  
And eagerly counts the life-waves as they roll ;  
When afar on that sea the last fires of hope quiver,  
Like a lamp-light vibrating at every breath ;  
When the soul would full willingly sleep on for ever,  
If the sorrows of life could be ended by death.

If then, like an influence breathing from heaven,  
The spirit of woman steals over the soul ;  
The music that grief from that bosom had driven,  
Within it again in its joyousness rolls ;  
Love lights up hope’s beacon afar on the ocean,  
Till it shines like Divinity’s eye on its breast ;  
Love, love stills the heart in its troublous emotion,  
And lulls the wild storm of its passions to rest.

ALBERT PIKE.

## A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

DEVANS had been sitting in my room in his wonted melancholy mood. He had been referring to his own history. With the pertinacity of sorrow he had dwelt upon it so long, that it now seemed as if he thought suffering a privilege, and rather luxuriated in the sadness of his lot.

"It is a strange story," said I, "a foundation for a novelist or a poet. Why do you not give it to the world? or do you shrink from communicating it?"

"Oh, no — not that; it is so long ago — and I am an utter stranger in this part of the world; but the world would never believe my story. The life of Melanie is so just like the dream an ungoverned fancy might weave, that it would not interest as the reality it is. Besides for plot and incident I should be wholly at a loss."

"Try, nevertheless — I have pen and paper here — the spirit is on you now — dictate — and I will write down. From the time you first knew her."

"On the banks of Sugar river."

"Oh, no — don't fix your residence — say on the banks of a river — that is harmless; it is the only safe mode of expression. If you put in a single proper name, rely on it your friends will each and all appropriate it, without regard to probability or possibility, and as reasonably, be mortally offended with you."

"I have no proper name to put in but one — Hale — and he is dead. There is nobody to be injured but myself by the mention of his name."

"Well, go on — I am ready."

"On the banks of a river, Melanie Devans went every day to the district school, and I, her brother, went every day with her, carrying her blue satchel and two enormous slates, besides my own chattels, that she might have ample scope to pull wild flowers on the way; regularly "cyphering her sums" for her, after I had finished my own — prompting her in the spelling class — choosing her on my side for the "hard-word" exercise — and loving her as a brother will love a delicate sister, gentle, affectionate, and grateful. We were all to each other. Our parents died while we were infants, in one day, of the old scourge of the country, the spotted fever; and we lived with our grandparents, a mile from any other habitation. They were aged and precise. To us, even their precision and prejudices were venerable.

When Melanie and I returned from school, we were as sure to find them sitting opposite each other, pipe in mouth, as we were to see the house standing behind the great elms, where it had stood half a century ; and to hear, as we entered the door, the same inquiry —

“ Well, children, at the head of your class ? — hungry ? ”

We never thought of loving them, or confiding in them. They were too erect, and the house was too still for that ; but we revered them. Daily, after eating our bread and milk supper, we strolled off to the banks of the river, to search for nuts and flowers, to listen to the songs of the birds, in the silence ; to drink in all the romance of nature, and unconsciously to unfit ourselves for life. I am now what those days of idle reverie have me ; and Melanie, she too was warming in her bosom the seeds of her future destiny. But who was to warn us or strengthen us ?

The first event in our existence was reading “ The Scottish Chiefs.” You have read it. I hope you read it at my age ; for in no other way can you conceive its effect on a young imagination. I believe I mentioned we were twin orphans ; and, till we were fifteen years old, had trodden our small familiar circle, with measured steps, with steady pulses, with little thought of the world, and with so much knowledge of it as could be gained from a forced and unwilling perusal of “ Rolin’s Ancient History.” There was a confused mingling of empires and battles in our memory, and the figures of Cyrus and Cambyzes in our dim fancies ; but why or wherefore men rose or empires fell, we knew not.

At this time we read Miss Porter’s bewitching romance. I borrowed it from a great boy who used to sit in the back-seat and read it, instead of Pike’s Arithmetic ; we did not guess it was a romance. We thought it all as veritable history as the family Bible itself. But what a new world it opened to us ! how we revelled in its heart-stirring descriptions ! how bitterly we wept over the murder of Marion ! how our very souls were moved at the lonely anguish of the warrior-mourner ! and how we hated the knight of the green plume — the treacherous Lady Mar ! Oh, could we hate and love so now, as in the unworn freshness of our first sympathies we did ! We were no more daily pacers in the dull round of a confined existence ; but we bathed transportedly in the far off past. Our dreams were now rich with the sound of war-trumpets, and the sighs of heroic and mourning love ; and our daily talk in the woods was of the same brilliant scenes, glittering with the sword of the conqueror, or dank with the red blood of the traitor. We leapt at once into the first life of the soul — our realm was wild, ungoverned, unintellectual ; but rich and vast. And we roamed there with a delight that no after-happiness could equal.

But it is of Melanie I should speak. And yet, in describing my

own transition from the brown worm of the sod to the butterfly of the radiant air, I do but picture her's as it was reflected to me. Should I not have trembled to see the elements of her nature thus kindling and wasting? Should I not have foreboded that the flame which so illumined and beautified might also destroy? Oh, brother's love! where was thy prescience? why could I not distinguish the shadow of the angel as well as the brightness of his wing?

One afternoon we returned from our accustomed ramble just as the sun set. As we silently trod the path which led through the orchard to the house, I was oppressed with a misgiving, a half presentiment of ill. You smile — you have no faith, that “coming events cast their shadows before.” I believe it, simply because experience tells me so. Every event of any importance in my life has been preceded by this impression, this presage — it cannot be described, but it is easily recognised. While I speak I feel it. It is a weight, an apprehensiveness; but it may be I am only living over the feeling of that sunset.

As we approached the house, we perceived that the accustomed places of our aged relatives, where they were wont to enjoy the twilight in fragrant repose, were vacant. The next moment we saw my grandfather standing beyond the elm, and pointing with uplifted cane to the meadows. An attentive listener stood by him, and heard the extent and beauty of the farm described as if it were the most interesting thing in the world to him to know how many tons of hay it produced. At the sound of our steps the stranger turned. He was a tall handsome man, with dark curling locks and a military air — this was Lieutenant Hale. We were introduced, as usual, as “the children.” A cordial shake of the hand — “my dear cousin” — and a kiss of Melanie's hand, had won my heart, before I remembered that he had claims on my regard; that he was my only uncle's only son, and an heir, with my sister and myself, to my grandfather.

Hale had just returned from a three year's residence at Council Bluffs; before that time he had been at West Point, and secluded from female society. At the frontier post of Council Bluffs he was equally secluded; but his manner to Melanie was chivalric and gentle, as if he had been bred in courts. He had a natural elegance and ease, which circumstances can neither give nor take away. This manner first made me glance inquiringly at my sister, if haply she were beautiful. Before this, I had never thought of it at all. And now I could not decide. She had large hazel eyes, full of affection, and thoughtful as dreams and reverie could make them; a world in themselves of hidden treasures for a brother to revel in; but would they shine in the world? would they flash in a ball-room? I thought not. They belonged to the still woods and waters, and the world was something to

be dreamed of and not to act a part in. Her complexion was pale, and her hair light and abundant. She was unlike the beauty I had read of or fancied, and entirely unconscious that she could be a subject of admiration. She learned the lesson for the first time, in the speaking eyes of her cousin; and she became powerful. How sweet is the first consciousness of power! She withheld her smile, and she saw that she scattered unhappiness: she gave it once more, and she saw that she gathered in rapture.

They wandered together where we had wandered. They dreamed where we had dreamed. A new world dawned on Melanie — the world of intellect — the beings of her fancy were marshalled, selected, and gilded with the hues of nature, passion, and truth — her conceptions were no longer vague — her thoughts received form and body — she began to reflect, to compare, to deduce.

Her tale is told. Need I say she loved the hand that led her to these fountains? Need I say, that this world of the heart poured a new flood of radiance over the imagination and the intellect? That, sweeter to her became the silence of one voice than the melodies of all others? That she lost her own being in that of another, and joyed in her self-annihilation? Because she loved, she *trusted* — because she trusted, she was betrayed. Shame on man's nature! for it is his nature. And now, tell me, you who have loved, why did she not hate him? Why — if she loved excellence, and Melanie loved him as such, she had listened to his utterance of lofty and pure thought, till she revered him as the angel of her soul — her guide to an eternity — why, when the mask fell, and she knew him to be mortal and base, why did she still love him? Why, when life became one gulf of darkness, did love still shine on, a steady light, by which her soul steered through the abyss? Is love ennobling? is it not enthralling rather? destroying?

They went to England. They left sorrow and shame, where they had been in innocence. They left me to smooth the gray hairs of our protectors in the grave, and to weep desolate tears over the last friends I had on earth.

Devans paused in his story.

"You have heard from them since?"

"How can I tell you what she became? she was not wedded to her betrayer, for she wanted but his love; and would the law have ensured her what honor and conscience had refused to give her? for, I repeat it — *he could not have loved her*. I heard at length that she was deserted — I sought her in the wilderness of London — I explored the haunts of vice — I became intimate with penury and twin with shame, to discover my lost Melanie, but in vain. My resources were nearly exhausted, and I was about giving up the pursuit in de-

spair, when I saw her name—It was on the list of convicted criminals! She was transported to Botany Bay the week before, for the *crime* of stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's stall!

"I know she must have been all but famished before she would have placed her finger on the property of another. I hope she is in her grave. I think she must have died on her passage."

He paused again, and I did not inquire further. The lapse of years had not yet healed the wound in his heart; but I directed the conversation to politics. In the excitement of a dispute about the bank question, we had forgotten our late subject of interest, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a strange voice in the entry below. My landlady was uttering herself far beyond her wont, and I went to the bannisters to see who it was.

It was only a beggar woman, who, with the usual independence of people in this land of equality, had entered at the open front-door. She was decently dressed, with a bundle of clothes in her hand, which she laid down, seated herself on the stairs, and then composedly took off, first her bonnet and then her cap. She began smoothing her tangled locks with a pocket comb, and trotting her foot with great indifference, while she repeated in wailing tones her parrot-like lesson of misery. I heard the old story, — "four children — one deaf and dumb — one sick — going to Providence — father and mother-in-law in the wagon — gone along —" and was on the point of turning back to my room in disgust, when she suddenly raised her eyes to the spot where I was standing, and called out —

"Oh! is n't that a sweet young gentleman? is that your son, Ma'am? I know it is! I know by the dimples!"

My poor landlady, who was as guiltless of dimples as fifty summers could make her, could only smilingly disclaim the maternity; while the woman, nowise disheartened, continued gazing up at me, and calling me "a kind gentleman," till, from a slight feeling of awkwardness, I slipped half way down the stairs. As soon as I had done so, she began again to repeat her story, with many additions and variations. Sometimes there was a short pause, and an evident exertion of the inventive faculty, and oftener an outbreak of natural feeling, which convinced me that her tale of suffering was not wholly fictitious. As she proceeded, I observed that she became more and more excited, and seemed heedless of the presence of any one. My landlady, glad to be rid of listening to her, left her to my charge. I thought it possible she might be intoxicated; but on looking at her face, I saw no appearance of it. Her face was full, coarse, and tanned quite dark, but not flushed. After walking the length of the entry several times, all the while talking with great volubility, and gesticulating, sometimes with violence and sometimes with considerable

grace, she stopped suddenly, sat down again on the stairs, and looked steadily at me.

"I'm a poor creature!"

I always feel an unaccountable interest in this class of beings, and perhaps from having been previously somewhat excited, felt a great desire to know something of the history of the wayward thing before me.

"You said your *mother-in-law* was in the wagon," said I; "where then is your own mother?"

"She's dead—she's dead! yes, she's dead, I say! God be praised she does n't live to see the misery of her poor profligate." Here her tears stopped her voice; but the next moment she went on—"I've seen better days—yes, I've been to a boarding-school—I've learnt seven tongues—"

"Have you been very wicked?" said I.

She looked wistfully at me, as if she did not understand me.

"You said you were a poor profligate; have you been very wicked?"

"Oh, no, no—not wicked any—not wicked at all. I'll tell you about it." Here she sunk her voice to a whisper. "I married my coachman!—ran away with him, you understand! But what of that?" continued she loudly; "what's gold? all the gold in the world won't keep you alive! when you die you must leave it all! No, no, believe in Christ! But, now, what's faith? I tell you works are nothing—all filthy rags! you must believe in Christ. Oh! I lost my boy—drowned, drowned! here—I've washed his clothes! see! in this bag, wringing wet—don't you see? I washed them in the river, back here."

She held up the dry bundle as she spoke, and I saw she must be deranged. She put her hand to her head and eyes.

"You can't think how much I suffer—oh! I'm very sick!"

"Had n't you better have something to eat?" said I.

"Oh, no—why, don't you know? I couldn't eat so much—no, not so much as would keep a child five years old alive! I tell you I am sick!"

A son of my landlady came in at the door at this moment, and stood looking at her. She walked towards him, and laying her hand on his head, said solemnly,—

"Bless you, boy! God bless you! you're just the age of my boy that was drowned! Yes! he was drowned—my sweet boy!"

She went on with violence.

"Boy! are you going to be a minister? don't you go near the pulpit, no more than you would to damnation! the ministers came to me, and they said, 'Do you grudge your child to God?' Yes, I do

grudge him! — yes, I do — yes, I do! *I do! I do grudge him!* — hum — they told me God lent him. Well, I suppose he did; but he need n't have taken him! — my boy — my only boy! Yes! *I do grudge him!*”

She clenched her hand, and began walking rapidly again. With view to calm her, I said,—

“I am sorry for you — you don't look well.”

She stopped short in her walk, and looked keenly at me.

“How? — not well? — oh! you mean *here* —” putting her hand to her head: “I know it; it is n't right there.”

“I think you would be better to try to eat something. Can you think of any thing you would relish?”

“No; you have n't any thing I want.”

“What do you want?”

“*Meat!*” said she emphatically. “Now, mind — you must be good — you must believe in Christ! his blood cleanses from all sin. He was born of a virgin — that's it! and you must have faith, hope, and charity, these three; but if you don't, God damn your soul to hell!”

As she spoke, I saw Devans descending the stairs. His face was pale as ashes, and I saw at once that he was terribly agitated. My own frame trembled, as he sunk on a chair, and whispered hoarsely —

“Ask her name.”

I did so. She looked down with the cunning so common to such unfortunates, and began counting her fingers, as if she had not heard me. I repeated my question.

“Oh! my name? — my name is — my name is — Polly.”

“And what is your surname?”

“Why, what's that to you? I'm a poor creature dependent on the bounty of the charitable — got four children — one deaf and dumb — father and —”

“Yes, yes; I've heard all that before. Now, look at me, and answer me. Is not your name Melanie Devans?”

She looked curiously at me.

“Why, how did you know that?”

“Oh, I knew it; you had a brother once, too — a brother John — don't you remember?”

“Yes; but he is drowned — he was drowned, and only three and twenty years old! The ministers came to me, and they said — oh, what they said! damn them!”

Here she broke into a torrent of profanity that made us both shudder. It passed, and she once more sat down quietly. Devans now

went towards her, took her hand, and fixing his eyes on her for some moments, said at length in a low, gentle voice —

“Melanie! my sister! you remember me?”

Her eye softened and filled with tears. She leaned her cheek to his, and murmured —

“And the orchard, John! and the woods! Oh, take me there again!”

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## LIFE IN ARKANSAS.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEER-HUNTING.

ALL philosophising is, I am inclined to think, a kind of vagary, and those carping critics, who so much find fault with us poor wights who manufacture articles, and edify the public, at the expense of great and extraordinary cudgelling of our brains, should do well to consider, that whenever a man falls into a train of thought, he glides imperceptibly from one subject to another — ere they accuse us of incoherence, disjointedness, and want of connexion in our lucubrations. How does every man, when he commences thinking upon one subject, slide, without knowing how, into another, without himself being able to trace the connecting link of thought — the little cross-cut, which led him from one thoroughfare into the other. I for one, profess only to write as I think, and I never yet knew men to *think* in essays. Philosophising, then, is not writing didactics — neither is it sedulously to imitate the war-horse tramp of Johnson, nor the pacing-jennet style of Addison.

So then, for the philosophy of deer-hunting. I have never ranged the hills of Scotland after the red-deer, heralded by the baying of the stag-hound — or even leaped a hunter over a ten-barred gate. I have no vaunts to make of the craggy precipices, the gorges, the waterfalls, the linns, and the passes, known by names unpronounceable except by Highland throats. I have never chased the chamois over the Alps. I have never eaten the spoils of the chase in a baronial castle; but I have pursued the deer on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries — over the boundless prairies, and among the stupendous wonders of the Rocky Mountains — and I have been in at the death of the antelope and the elk.

Stand with me here, gentle reader! Wast ever in such a place before? Methinks not. To your right is the valley of the river; broad, green, massive, and silent. Behind you and before is the up-

land forest of gnarled and twisted oak, and on your right a mile or two of prairie, green, level, and luxuriant as a meadow. The sun has not arisen to drink up the dew from the blades of grass and the laden leaves. The track of the deer will be plain this morning. Lo! your horse is impatient. Let us begone. We go stealthily and quietly through the woods. Not a leaf rustles beneath our moccasined feet — for the hunter must step lightly as the Indian. Here will we tie our horses and proceed on foot. Back, there, Juno! Keep back, Pont! or the ramrod will teach you a lesson of patience. Look at old Killbuck! He understands still-hunting, and, though a dozen trails crossed his path, would not take one unless so ordered. Talk of hunting foxes and hares! Poor devils, taken out in bags to be run down and murdered! I would as soon think of turning loose a big cat, and chasing her through half a dozen stubble-fields. But tell me, you man from the streets of Boston! Is there no philosophy in this? Is not your mind full of thought? Is it not all thought, at such a time, and in such a vocation as this? This is not like popping at robins, black-birds, and sand-peeps, with what we would call a *soatier gun*. Here is the broad heaven over us, and the wild woods around us. No hum of the city here! But the mockbird is offering up to its Creator, in this fitting and magnificent temple, the most acceptable offering ever presented by created being — to wit, cheerfulness and joy. How little and petty do all the cares, vexations, and pursuits of the world now seem to us. It is good for man to be alone — sometimes. It is good for him sometimes to feel as though he were in the immediate presence of his Maker — and to remove the choking rubbish from over the spring of joy and affection in his heart, and to let it well up and overflow again. Passion — hot passion is the blood which is continually pulsing through the arteries of the living world — but none of it reaches here. Hark! look sharp! here is a track, and fresh too! — the dew just brushed from the grass! See, too, where the twigs have been cropped off! If one of you bay, I'll murder you without fail. I see the red coat shining through the leaves. Two, by Jupiter! and two bucks! Look at the beautiful creatures. Was there ever a fairer shot! Broadside to us, and not more than eighty yards distance! Does your hand tremble? Wait a moment, and steady your nerves. Your men who have only shot at birds and rabbits are apt to be fluttered in your first shot at a deer. Be patient. Take a lesson from old Killbuck. See how he crouches there — afraid almost to breathe! Ha! they listen! Will they run? No, they are cropping the leaves. Is it not strange that so wild and timorous a thing can be so easily tamed? If you shoot a doe when her fawn is a fortnight old, the innocent youngling will follow you, and become the tamest thing on earth — even to lapping milk from your hands. Are you steady now?

If so, take the one to the right. Fire! Mine is down! A dead shot through the heart! You struck yours too far back; but we'll have him. Now he's off! Oo-pee! Hunt him, Killbuck! Yip! yip! yip, Juno! After him, Pont! And now for our horses; after bleeding my victim, behold us mounted, and stretching on the track of the dogs. Old Killbuck, the noble old fellow, gives tongue beautifully. Ha! I see them in the prairie! Now for a short cut! Spur on! Hurra! Over gulley and through the brambles — now in the timber, and now again in the prairie behold us stretching. Leap after leap the deer goes on, and in the long grass the dogs gain but little on him. Hurra! We are reaching after him. Spur, for the honor of Boston. See! he doubles; but we have him. The blood runs down his side. There he goes — over and over. He's ours.

That is *still-hunting*. Shall we try it after another fashion? Let us take to the woods again. There is something exhilarating in this sport. No wonder that the old hunter hates to be encroached on, and complains bitterly when the settlements thicken around him. I love to hunt in this way — for to do it a man requires many good qualifications. He who is a good deer-hunter has the essential requisites to make him a great man. He has, in the first place, prudence, caution, and care, in tracking his victim and approaching him. He must possess industry and patience. He must be bold in his plans — quick to form them, and quick to execute. And, above all, he must take care lest, at the most critical moment, his exceeding haste, eagerness, and precipitancy, render all his industry, care, and precaution void and useless, by causing him to shoot wide of the mark. The good politician has need of the same qualities. He should be careful and wary in his approaches — prompt both in forming and executing his plans, yet never so sure of his man, his distance, or his object, as to overshoot the mark. But here we are, at our place. You see that *lick* in front of us! We will sit here, behind these bushes. Have you loaded your rifle? And now for the dogs! Here, Killbuck! Go, hunt 'em! Sick 'em boy! Oo-pee! Hurra! He is off, and you will hear him soon make an able report as chairman of that committee. Speaking of the philosophy of hunting, I was about to remark that there is very little of it in bear-hunting. You start out your dogs, and they run the bear awhile and then *tree* him — you go up and shoot him down, and that ends the matter. There's no philosophy in that. There is a great deal, however, to be said for the dogs. I do not *now* wonder at the enthusiasm of the Ettrick Shepherd about his dogs. You should see Killbuck hold a bear or a buffalo by the nose. That dog, Sir, has received a finished education. He never starts in the chase till he is told, and he never stops till he overtakes his object. As to his running on the *back-track*, it is impossible. You in the

East, Sir, know very little about the value of a dog. 'Tis true, you have your pointers and setters, who are, to you, very useful; but the man who opens a farm in an unsettled country has other and more important uses for the animal. He cares nothing for pointers and setters; but he needs those who can defend his property from the wolf, the fox, the wild cat, the panther, and the bear. Every night his dogs scour the woods, and the wild denizens of the forest are not found to remain long within the canine sphere of action. More than this — I have seen the time when I felt forsaken by the whole world — when I was desolate, destitute of every thing save my horse, my gun, and my dog — when no eye of affection but his was on me — when none cared for me but him. He loved me, for myself alone — as much in poverty as in abundance. Did I not love him? Ay! that did I. The heart must have something to love, and what more worthy of it than my faithful dog, who slept at my head — followed me day after day patiently — in the scorching sun — over the dry prairie — day after day without water — and till his feet were worn to the quick — and fought the wolf as he came prowling round me by night, gaunt and ferocious.

And here we lie moralizing, with our heads pillowed on the moss-covered root of an old oak. A clean limestone spring runs bubbling at one side, and the graceful persimmon trees are planted in clusters around us. If laziness, and a *degagée* appearance and manner are the quintessence of gentility, then are we in the supreme *bon ton*. What though we do each wear the fringed leggins, and the embroidered hunting shirt, both of deer skin, and made by the fair hands of some Indian beauty; this of mine, in particular, by the daughter of a Kee-katso chief. Are we not royally dressed, though it be barbarian royalty? Methinks I could almost forget that I have left one behind me, watching patiently, with eyes of love, for my return, and imagine myself again in the prairie — again free, unshackled by care, business, or the bonds of society — independent and penniless — free as the shielded Pawnee Brave, who rides at the eagle's speed over the trackless and monotonous desert. Here we may theorize. Here we may imagine whence came that ancient and extinct people, who founded Mexico and Peru, and built the pyramids of Cholula and the Temples of the Sun in Cusco. We may again people even this country, *here*, with the wiser, but less warlike people, who melted away like the snow-wreath, before the fierce inroad of the wild Indian warrior. Or we may people these woods, and prairies, and springs, and mountains, with a fabulous race of demi-gods — the Naiads and Dryads of our *new* world. Too much has been written about Indians by people who had never travelled out of the smoke of a city. Your women, too, have undertaken to show them up — as if *they* knew any thing about

the matter — as witness Hobomok and other incarnations of impossibilities — and your play-wrights and tragedy manufacturers have tried their hand at the trade with equal success. Even I, reader, I undertook to describe Indian character and write Indian stories — and I believe they were about as good as many that have been manufactured — before I had seen an Indian, except one Marshpee and half a dozen Penobscots. It makes me sad to think, that even when a boy, I should have been so foolish.

Hark! Is not that Killbuck? Ay! he has opened, and there go the rest in full cry! He has started them, and now no more room for moralizing. Ten to one they pass by this lick. Listen! Fainter and more faint! Now they double. They are a good mile off yet. They bear onward in this direction. Be steady now! If only one buck appears, we will both shoot at him. If two appear, I will take the foremost. They come right down upon us. I hear the crashing. Now for it! Fire! A noble buck, by all that's good; and he sprang ten feet in the air at the shot. Both bullets near his heart!

Art tired of the sport, gentle reader? I trust not. Perhaps you and I may some time hunt a deer in the broad prairie. We will do it of some clear morning, when we are far beyond the limits of civilization — away in the country of the wild Indian horseman. All around us shall be the unlimited extent of the prairie, with the blue horizon resting upon either edge, encircling us round like a broad blue ring of ocean; within which the moving masses of unwieldy buffalo, the fiery herds of unriden horses, the antlered elk, and the graceful antelope, shall pass us by in succession. Near us shall be the conical white tents of the Camanche or the Caiawa, the Ishmaelites of that desert. There will we chase the deer from man to man, till we can strike him with the swift bullet; or lie in the plain, and wave a bit of scarlet cloth till the antelope approaches us, and gives his life as the forfeit of his curiosity. Even such is the way of the world. So is the maiden caught by the glitter of the epaulette, or perhaps by the false and deceitful brilliance of an eye. So is the politician caught by the glare of that bauble, *office*, and so he becomes the *tool* of a party. So is the youth caught by the glow of gold or silver at the gambler's table, and stakes upon a card his money, his character, and his soul; and so is the great man lured by the meteor brightness of ambition, and barter peace of mind, contentment, and domestic happiness and love, for an empty and worthless dream. The prizes of ambition are truly like the fruit on which did feed Satan and his compeers. They are full to the core of ashes and of gall. Many a man is there in this nation who has spent long vigils, during a long life — who has watched and studied, when the world around him was still, at midnight, to become great. He has neglected domestic tranquillity and domestic love — the calm pursuits

of literature and the paths of peaceful enjoyment, to obtain honor and distinction. He has had his wish, and the golden fruit has filled his mouth with ashes. He has had office — high and proud distinction — and has been cast down from it; and the curses of a people, the sneers and jibes, and insults and reproaches of his opponents, have followed his downfall. Kind reader, the hunter of the woods is more independent, more happy than he. He lives under the broad tree tops, in the open air of heaven. The glittering stars shine over him and watch his sleep. He has no dreams of blasted ambition, or of success which was a curse to him. He never made himself a slave to the mob, to become their leader, and be again trodden beneath their feet. Under the shadow of the everlasting snow mountains, on the broad plain, and in the deep forests, he has bathed his soul in contentment and happiness. When death comes to him, he finds one who fears not his dart; for the hunter has done no evil and inflicted no wrong.

And so our hunt is over. We may return to our several employments; for we are so constituted that we only earn enjoyment by labor. That man is most happy, who in his own humble sphere owes his duty to the society in which he lives; and who is thoroughly convinced that at his own calm fireside, with one there to love him for himself alone, there is more to live for than in the proudest honors and the most gorgeous wealth which ambition can crave or avarice desire — as the thrush in his quiet resting-place is more secure and more contented than the eagle who receives his nursing in the thunder cloud.

A. P.

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THE CONFESSION.\*

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BY W. LEVENS.

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HAVE I not known the love  
 That high-souled warriors feel?  
 Nor striven in the lists to prove  
 My prowess, armed in steel?

\* The Hermit of Engaddi, (*vide* Tales of the Crusaders, vol. ii.) on being upbraided by Richard Cœur de Lion, with ignorance of love and knightly daring, in a spirited reply made known his name and story. The above is a poetical version of the latter.

The harp that once I strung  
 Hangs silent on the wall —  
 And voiceless is the minstrel's tongue  
 Within mine ancient hall :  
 And those, alas ! are dead,  
 Who loved me long ago —  
 The young, the beautiful, have fled,  
 And left me with my wo.  
 And yet, perchance, a few,  
 And some on earth there are,  
 Will not forget, if once they knew,  
 Alberic de Mortemar !

Start not — the tale is sooth —  
 I would it were untrue —  
 I would I could recall my youth,  
 And all its deeds undo.  
 Perchance thou may'st have heard  
 How I, like thee, my king,  
 Have often to the combat spurred  
 In plain or tilting ring.  
 Ill fared it in the field  
 With him who braved my force,  
 I struck him, knight-like, in the shield,  
 And bore him from his horse.  
 The minstrels sang my praise —  
 Fair women smiled to hear,  
 And I went rejoicing in the blaze  
 Of Fame, from year to year.  
 And when in arms I rode,  
 My banners to the sun  
 Were radiantly flung abroad,  
 And all the world looked on.  
 A woman smiled — and then  
 The world seemed doubly bright —  
 I shunned the busy haunts of men,  
 And breathed but in her sight.  
 How fair she was — how fair !  
 Young ! I behold her now —  
 With the bright wealth of her golden hair,  
 And her ethereal brow —  
 With meekly folded hands  
 And gently heaving breast,  
 Like Eve, new born and bright she stands,  
 Blessing — supremely blest !

\* \* \* \* \*

They tore her from my arms,  
 Inanimate and pale —  
 The bride of Heaven, her peerless charms  
 Were destined for the veil.  
 I, too, absolved of sin —  
 Mark me — an altered man !  
 Thought the old abbey's walls within  
 To pass my mortal span.

I lived as lived the rest ;  
 And walked with reverend frères,  
 And penance did among the best,  
 And shed as many tears.  
 O Virgin ! shield us well —  
 I shrived the sisterhood,  
 And, circled by the wiles of hell,  
 Strove fiercely to be good.  
 In vain — a fallen nun  
 Sleeps in Engaddi's grave,  
 And o'er her head a guiltier one  
 Lives but to moan and rave.  
 There is no rest on earth,  
 No hope for him in heaven,  
 None in the sainted birth —  
 His sins are unforgiven !

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## LAZY JAKE.

### OR THE DEVIL NONPLUSSED.

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#### A NOUVELLETTE.

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#### CHAPTER I.

*Interview between two Gentlemen — A difficulty propounded — A heroine introduced.*

A LONG, long while ago, in the good old days when witches had a legal existence, and old Nick, by the wilfulness of man's belief, was allowed converse with the human race, lived old Benjamin Peasblossom. He had houses and lands, and bonds and mortgages, and horses and cattle ; and moreover, certain old chests which, despite their iron ribs, were near bursting with the gold and silver — the joes and half-joes, the pistoles and the pistareens, he had crammed into their capacious mouths. Now, as the story goes, Benjamin had not come as honestly and fairly by this money as he might have done ; but it was said, that once as the clock struck twelve at night, in a damp vault in the church-yard, and on the lid of a coffin, with blood out of his veins, and with a pen made of a dead man's nails, Benjamin had given and granted, released, enfeoffed, conveyed, and confirmed, his soul unto the devil, in consideration that he, the devil aforesaid, would prosper said Benjamin in all his undertakings ; with a proviso,

nevertheless, that if the said Benjamin at the day of forfeiture could enjoin old Clotie a task that he could not perform in a twelvemonth, then he, the said Benjamin, should stand free and absolved.

Now, after this, Benjamin waxed richer and richer ; he became the most important man in the village ; he was appointed overseer of the poor, one of the select men of the town ; and at the time when Old Nick called on him for payment, he was actually an elder of the village church.

The manner of the visit was this. One cold winter's evening, Benjamin was sitting alone by his fire, the wind moaning around his house like the cries of the widowed and fatherless after their dower rights and patrimonies, and he thinking about foreclosing a mortgage, when he heard a gentle tap at the door, and a tall "Werter-faced sort of a man," "melancholy and gentleman-like," entered, and took a seat opposite to Peasblossom.

"Ha! already!" exclaimed Benjamin, stretching out his arm for a small pocket-bible which lay on the table.

"I have been patient enough methinks," said his visiter ; "and although it be a naughty night to swim in, as my friend Will has it, I hope the honor of your company."

"I cannot go yet," said Benjamin, removing his chair a little ways. "Next week comes quarter day, and then there is Deacon Gray's interest to come in, and old Thompson's mortgage to be foreclosed ; indeed, my friend, it's quite inconvenient to go just now."

"I fancy," replied the other, with a courteous smile, "thou wilt find it inconvenient always ; so thou must e'en away to-night."

"I cannot follow thee," said Benjamin, staring wildly around and gasping for breath.

"But thou must, unless thou wilt give me a task that I cannot perform, and that I fancy thou canst scarcely do."

Benjamin's head sunk between his hands ; to puzzle old Scratch he thought was no easy matter. His visiter, who felt secure of his prey, leisurely drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and commenced puffing. It emitted a bluish flame, and indeed in itself much resembled a half-grown roll of brimstone. When the fume reached the nostrils of Benjamin, he wiggled uneasily in the chair, and fell into a great perturbation of spirit, bethinking himself of devilled turkey legs, poached eggs, roasted potatoes, and beef steaks and gridirons. Meanwhile the mortgagee of Benjamin's worse half his soul, sought to amuse himself with a book or two lying on the mantel. He passed instinctively by "The Christian Soldier," and "Holy Living and Dying ;" yawned a moment over Shakspeare ; but espying a newspaper, the father of lies felt that he had reading congenial to his taste.

At length Benjamin's face brightened, and he exclaimed, "I have it, I have it! I defy thee to make my neighbor, Lazy Jake, rich."

"Oh ho!" quoth the devil; "sits the wind in that quarter? vexing Job was a trifle to that: but since thou hast set me the task, it would be unseemly in me to forfeit my prize without an endeavor to preserve it."

"Suppose we cancel the bond at once," said Benjamin, "and I will give you an acquittance."

Old Hornie forgot his accustomed good breeding at the proposition, and unqualifiedly grinned. "No," said he, "it is now a point of honor with me, and my friends, the lawyers, can help me at a pinch.— They have such an ingenious way of transferring estates, that if I can get Jake admitted to the bar, I shall have the pleasure of your company very soon."

After uttering this pleasantry, the head of the legal profession looked cautiously round, fearing that some of the fraternity had overheard him.

But the only addition to the company was Benjamin's daughter Susan, a fine bouncing maiden of fourteen, with a heart as free of guile as a New-York dairyman's milk of cream.

"La, Paa," said Sukey, "I did n't know of your having company."

The devil bowed—devils are always so polite—Miss curtseyed. The devil has such a taking way with him.

"Well, friend Peasblossom," quoth he of the fabulous tail, "this little affair will soon be settled, and then ——"

"La, Paa," interrupted Sukey, "what a smell of brimstone!"

"And then," continued old Clootie to Benjamin, "you must——"

Benjamin coughed very loudly, looked imploringly at Sathan, intimating that he would dispense with the peroration.

"Paa has got such a bad cold," said Susan.

"Well, as extremes meet," replied Clootie, "he will soon have a bad heat."

Benjamin shivered; but the impracticability of Lazy Jake again sent a glow through his breast.

"Would n't the gentleman like a glass of sweet cider?" inquired Susan, who was of an affable and loquacious turn.

"If Miss Susan would only write her name in his pocket-book as a sort of remembrancer?"

"Away, tempter," shouted Benjamin.

"Such a pair of red cheeks, and two such sparkling eyes," continued the *arch* fiend, "might tempt even Solomon. But, friend, I must away, as I have business of much importance to attend to before daylight. Let me see, let me see," said he in an under-tone, "the big paunched Justice yonder wants a good reason for an unjust decision; Miss Tabitha Spinster must be taught the last improvement upon the

amorous waltz ; the grocer's doubt of the propriety of sanding his sugar must be settled ; and then I have to strike the moon into three or four youths, and make poets of them ; for when once they have coupled love and dove, they are mine as sure as stupid rhymes to Cupid — but I forget myself ; good night, friend Benjamin — ‘parting is such sweet sorrow’ — good night, Miss Susan, I hope we may become better acquainted ;” and so saying, he bowed lowly ; and ere Susan, who turned to see why the candles burned so blue, was aware, the old Serpent (I hate to call him names) had vanished, and Peasblossom gruffly ordered her to bed ; where, I fear, she dreamed of the polite gentleman, not being aware what a profligate character he was, and how he had played the very devil with the world ever since the first weakness of woman, which, I believe, was in the year *one*.

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CHAPTER II.

*A midnight prowling through a Village.*

WHEN the devil left the residence of Peasblossom, it was his intention to visit all his acquaintances in the village, renew old friendships, make new ones, and insinuate himself into the good graces of his enemies, if he had any. He now recollected that it was past the usual bed-time of the villagers, and that he would find nobody up, save those who stood in no need of his visitation ; and that therefore he must make his presence known by his spirit and not by his assumed form. As this thought floated across his brain, he found himself in front of the parsonage. Now, the good man having indulged somewhat in mulled beer and a Welch rabbit, was naturally dreaming of a good living ; and the devil suggested to him, as he settled on his breast in the shape of a huge Cheshire cheese, that as there was a vacancy in the pulpit of the next town which gave a higher salary, it was his duty to go thither ; and having thus given the parson *a call*, Beelzebub whisked off to the parson's neighbor, the apothecary. The apothecary presently dreamed that he and the sexton had entered into a partnership, and that they had employed the doctor as a clerk. Then the apothecary fancied that he was filling his laudanum jar with the juice of the pokeberry, but why, he could not tell, till the high price of opium rose up as an excuse. “But prithee,” cried one of the devil's grand-children, named Subterfuge, who was present, “will not the poor souls sleep as well on the juice as the extract ?” “Aye, much better,” quoth that

slippery knave, Conscience ; so the apothecary turned him over, and slept soundly until morning. The devil walked into the doctor's as a messenger came from a poor person in extremity requesting his immediate presence. The doctor hearing who it was that required his aid, knew that he would never be paid for his services, and so bade his servant tell the messenger that he had been suddenly called out and would not be back until morning. Hereupon the doctor drew his bed-clothes tighter around him, and sunk into a nap, wherein he dreamed that he fell grievously sick, and his friends, in great alarm, proposing to send for a brother Æsculapius, it struck him as such ridiculous nonsense that he burst into laughter and awoke. The Devil next visited his friend the Justice ; and as the grocer's sugar was sanded the following day, and Miss Tabitha practised the Mazurka in the evening at the village ball, it is presumed our hero also paid them a passing visit. He inoculated two young geniuses with the love of rhyme, and three young misses with flirtation ; so he felt secure of five new votaries at least. He passed by the window of a learned judge, and a subtle metaphysical fluid which could not disprove the existence of witches, passed into the judge's pericranium. Then the Devil thought he would call on his special agent, the village attorney ; and he found him asleep with one eye open, and he studied a long while for some new device to inspire the lawyer withal ; but after examining the stock already on hand, the Devil found that he, himself, had acquired a new wrinkle ; so, well contented, he left the house, and bent his steps towards the dwelling of Lazy Jake.

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CHAPTER III.

*A Reflection—Lazy Jake's House—His Bed-chamber—A Discovery, or an instance of Inductive Reasoning.*

HAD the task allotted to our hero been that of overcoming any of the cardinal virtues, or of combatting the vice gluttony, lust, intemperance, writing for magazines, avarice, pride, or even dozing in church, he had not troubled himself much about the result ; but when he reflected on the nature and influence of laziness, he felt appalled by the *vis inertiae* opposed to him. Of all the sins which most easily beset a man, this is the darling of their progenitor, for it makes its way so insidiously and so easily, like a huge anaconda gliding through a country, and tainting all things with its poisonous breath ; and it has such a tenacity of its conquests, that it is one of the most powerful

engines of evil ever devised. Might I in a sober narrative like the present allude with propriety to the profane history of the Grecians, I would say that laziness, like the apparently harmless peace-offering of the Greeks to the Trojans, carries the armed vices in its womb, who will soon spread havoc through the town, and surprise the citadel.

Before commencing his operations, the old Serpent thought it advisable to survey the residence of Jake, and observe whereabouts lay the best avenue for his approach.

About half a mile from Peasblossom's, in the outskirts of the village, Jake reposed on his patrimonial remains. He had inherited many a broad field and rich meadow; his house had been encompassed by luxuriant gardens and thrifty orchards, flocks of cattle covered his pastures, the loud neighing of steeds, the soft bleating of sheep, the piteous lowing of cows, the complaisant grunting of swine, filled the atmosphere around him. Turkeys gobbled, hens cackled, ducks quacked, and geese gabbled through his barn-yards. He had money out at interest, and a secret hoard of Spanish dollars in his house. Never had man a fairer chance for a life of prosperity. But in vain; a blight had been on Jake from his youth upwards. He was, in truth, one of the laziest of mortals. Nought loved he beyond his bed; and when he had rolled out of that, he would swallow his breakfast, and then lighting his pipe, sink into his arm-chair, and puff away the live-long morning. His laborers, too, imbibed the sweet poison: his seeds were never in the ground until his neighbors were talking of reaping — his winter grain was not sown until the frosts had set in. Weeds choked up his gardens — his unpruned trees spent their juices in unfruitful shoots — his fences gradually fell down — his cattle were neglected — his horses died of the distemper — his eggs turned addle in their unsought-for nests — his turkeys ran wild in the woods — and the foxes and weazles stole into his yards and carried off his geese and chickens. The rains gradually rotted away the shingles on his roof, and caused his walls to moulder. In a few years his money was called in, and in a few more spent; and still his disease was upon him. To-morrow he would bestir himself, and to-morrow he would arouse; but what signified his doing it to-day. But on the morrow he slept so late that it was useless to make the effort; he could do nothing in half a day, he would begin with the next week. But perhaps the next week was stormy, or Jake did not *feel very well*, or his boots were without soles, "he must send them to the cobbler's that very day." The cobbler bent over his lap-stone all the week, but not on Jake's account. And then the next week was too late in the season, and why should a man worry himself to death? he would reform with the new year; but January is so cold. And thus would

Jake go on, rousing himself up desperately every half hour to fill his pipe, and eating his dinners, and suppers, and breakfasts, and teas, and luncheons, with an energy that astonished himself, and sleeping with a resolution undisturbed by aught but indigestion and surfeit.

The grayness of morning was stealing over the heavens, when our adventurer came in sight of Lazy Jake's abode; and ere he had completed his survey, the pale wintry sun was high advanced; but still scarcely a sign of life about the premises. A half-starved cow was turning "its sides and shoulders and heavy head" on some scattered straw near the barn, and endeavoring to obtain "a little more sleep and a little more slumber." A wall-eyed horse was hanging his head out of the weather-boards of the stable, while a skeleton pig was assisting his weak steps towards the kitchen, by leaning against the straggling paling on his path.

Every thing about the house appeared in a state of dilapidation; the rains had washed the paint from the boards and the pointing from between the stones. The shutters had disappeared from the windows, or hung by half a hinge, the glass was broken, and a panel wanting in the door betrayed an uncarpeted and filthy floor. Within doors things were in a grievous plight: bottomless chairs and broken tables — the clock unwound — the locks all out of order — blue mould on the walls, and grease and dirt on the floor. There was a bedstead in the parlor, and kitchen utensils in the bed-room, where, stewing and steaming in his dirty blankets, lay Lazy Jake himself.

Jake had eaten and slept until he had become a mass of soft unhealthy fat; so that, wrapt up as he was in the woollens, he might have been compared to a roll of rancid butter enveloped in a yellow cabbage leaf. He was of an easy good-natured disposition, as pliant as the conscience of a politician, or as the gum catoutchoc, or whatever its unorthographable name may be. Jake had a decided aversion to motion, and he once indulged in an astronomical speculation, which was, "why the devil the stars and planets keep moving about as they did, seeing they have nothing in the world to do." He used to wonder why the

"little busy bee"

did not

"improve each shining hour,"

by a nap in the sun instead of keeping up such an incessant coil and pother.

But we have not leisure to detail all the sayings and doings of Jake, though a few pages would suffice for the actions of his life. The devil perambulated the room with a curious eye and an incurious

nostril ; but still he was unsatisfied in one particular. He cautiously approached the bed, raised the end of the clothes, and discovered the fact to be as he had suspected, — that such a lazy, uncleanly person as Jake slept in his stockings.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*A Moral Phenomenon, or Temptations to become rich resisted —  
— Mining and Countermining — Gold — Love — Land Speculations and Stock-jobbing.*

WHEN the devil retired to ruminate on his plans, he betook himself to the banks of a neighboring mill-pond. In truth, when he reflected on what he had just seen, he felt sorely perplexed, and, like an enamoured swain, cast many a desperate look at the water. But honor soon came to his aid, and he roused himself up manfully to his task. The result of his cogitations will be portrayed in the following pages ; and we must leave this one of our heroes for the present to return to the other.

Matters grew worse and worse with Lazy Jake, for the plan of the first campaign appeared to be to reduce Jake to such misery that he should imbibe the idea of the necessity of exertion. Exertion once commenced, the devil knows so well how to temper the love of gain with the labor of its acquisition, that the richest self-made men are generally the most industrious and untiring. Jake's horse died of the colic, his cow of the distemper, and his pig of the measles. The supply of his table grew scantier, and his creditors clamorous. Judgment after judgment was entered up, and execution after execution lodged in the sheriff's hands. His lands were still greater in value than the amount of his debts. He could have made an agreement with his creditors for a mortgage, the money to be applied to the discharge of their claims ; but Jake felt an unconquerable aversion to all exertion. True, he needed but to ride to the attorney's and have it arranged ; but his horse was dead. He could have walked there, but next week he would borrow a conveyance ; and one week earlier or later could make but little difference. At length his creditors let the law take its way ; and in the spring Jake was master of nought but his homestead and the curtilage. He grew thinner and thinner ; for, after grim-visaged want has stared us in the face for awhile, we become wonderfully assimilated to the spectre. At last a dinnerless

day brought on the crisis; and poor Jake, sinking into his arm-chair, cursed his unlucky stars. "Nothing ever prospered with him; his neighbors, who had started life with nothing, were rich; while he who had every thing at command, through his perverse luck, was reduced to poverty. He could not see into it; it was very mysterious. But something must be done; he would see what he could turn his hand to — in the morning."

So Jake lighted his pipe, and resigned himself to the influence of that vacuity of thought in which the smoker indulges, and miscalls reflection. Presently he fell into a gentle nap, dreaming of huge joints of roasted meat and savoury sauces, placed before him in great profusion, but just beyond his reach. Then the viands disappeared, and he had a vision of his grandfather, who told him that in the orchard which had been sold to his neighbor Peasblossom, was buried a huge jar of gold, which he had hidden there during an Indian incursion, and afterwards left as a safe deposit; but having been called away by an apoplexy, his heirs had never been the wiser. Then the old gentleman vanished, and when Jake awoke, the sun had again arisen, and was peeping in at the window. The loud demand for breakfast from his inner-man first recalled him to a sense of his misery; then gradually his dream arose to mind, indistinctly at first, but at last vivid and impressive. "But of what use is it?" said Jake; "three months since, and it would have saved me from my troubles; but now what can I do. There is no use of trying to purchase it back, I know Peasblossom will not sell. He got it for a song, and all King David's psalms played by the royal minstrel himself could not redeem an inch of it. However, the next time I meet him I will ask him about it; I am resolved to lose nothing for want of exertion."

Now, as the devil would have it, Peasblossom began to feel extremely uneasy. True, Jake was not growing rich, but waxing poorer; still there was something very suspicious in that very fact. And it entered into Benjamin's noddle to conceive, that as Jake still had the homestead left, it might be a foundation for future acquisitions; so he resolved to deprive Jake of this last resource if possible.

"I have been thinking," said Benjamin, taking Jake kindly by the hand, "that it was due to our old friendship that I should lend you some aid in your need. I had your orchard of you for a trifle, and, although honestly purchased, still if thou wilt thou mayst have it for a small advance."

"What!" cried Jake, "the orchard next the garden?" "Yes, the same," replied Peasblossom; "so give me a note at a short date for the amount, and a mortgage on your house as security; for, Jacob, I have a family to provide for, and although I am of a generous disposition, still prudence dictates a certain course. So, Jacob, go down to

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Fifa's and execute a mortgage on the house, and thou shalt have the orchard."

Jake's eyes twinkled with joy, the pot of gold was already in his greedy grasp, and he actually went that day to the lawyer's and signed the note, bond, and mortgage, and took his deed. So he sate himself down, and devised a hundred ways of spending his money, which, alas, was not yet his. Early in the morning he intended to go out and search for it, and he must rest after his hard work. Jake awoke early, and felt an impulse to rise and commence his search; but what was the use of hurry? he had a few dollars yet, which had been unexpectedly paid him — "the more hurry the worse speed; besides evening would be better for his work, as there would be nobody to watch him."

Jake waited till evening, and still the same reluctance to bestir himself. "The gold was safe where it was, and he could get it when he wanted it." Day passed after day in this manner, although, it must be confessed, Jake kept a vigilant eye to the orchard when awake, and dreamed of it by night. At last Jake began to dig, but the work went on slowly; and as the orchard contained a couple of acres, and Jake knew not where the treasure lay, his heart grew faint. Week after week elapsed, and nothing could rouse Jake to vigorous action; his note became due; Peasblossom, in fulfilment of his plan, commenced suit; Jake could have delayed it by attending to it, but he was absolutely too lazy: judgment was entered, execution followed; the orchard was sold, and the house to satisfy the balance; the overplus was paid to Jake, and without a roof to call his own, he betook himself to the tavern, and gave way to deep melancholy, only relieved by eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping. The shrewd fellow who had purchased the orchard suspected something from the state in which he found it, and rested not until he had upturned the whole soil, and satisfactorily solved his doubts.

Love was now called in by the devil to his aid. A fat widow, aged forty and upwards, of large person and income, cast amorous glances on Jake as he sat at the tavern window, from her room on the opposite side of the way. Jake was not iron or stone; and if he had been, the ardent glances of the widow would have heated him red-hot. As it was, Jake felt indescribable longings to move, aye, actually to walk; and one day, fired beyond control, he went over to the widow's. Fortunately one or two visits so overcame the retiring modesty of the fair, that Jake was the happiest of men, save in the necessary trouble and fatigue he was put to in promenading with his lady fair. This did very well for a day or two; but then — shame on his manhood — Jake, buried in an oblivious snooze after dinner, forgot love, honor, the widow and her money bags. Impatiently did the fair one sigh,

fume, scold, rave ; and it was really thoughtless in Jake to allow such a mass of inflammable matter to become so heated. He might have known the consequences. A rousing box on his ear awoke him from his slumbers. Unhappy Jake ! torrents of expletives rolled around him like lava from a volcano ; heated epithets fell upon him ; and, at last, like Herculaneum, he was completely buried under showers of invectives, red-hot, and reproaches at white heat. The game was up ; Cupid and Somnus were at swords' points, and Cupid quit the field.

Jake was now assailed in various ways. Land speculations were presented to his imagination ; for such a rage possessed the good people of the village, that they began buying up all the land within three miles of the town. What they bought one day in farms or plantations, they the next day offered at auction, nicely surveyed into building lots, and the prices were immense. But Jake let all slip through his fingers. He had a keen foresight and a good judgment, but he was ever too lazy to move.

Then his brain teemed with improvements in various useful machines, by patenting which he could have made great sums ; but Jake never had resolution sufficient to draw up his specifications.

The Prince of Darkness strove manfully against the inertness of Jake ; he assaulted him in every way ; pride, ambition, patriotism, and I know not what beside ; but Jake was impracticable. The Devil became uneasy ; his disappointment preyed on his spirits ; he grew thin, pale, and interesting.

Never before had he been so puzzled. When he had set to work in earnest, he had always succeeded, except in one case ; and his ill success in that Satan attributed to the malign influence of Mrs. Job. Eleven months of the allotted time had elapsed, and yet Jake was poorer than ever. The Devil began to despair, melancholy seized upon him, and he was evidently rapidly falling into a consumption. He actually indited some verses in the Byron vein — "I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;" he went about like one distraught — he would have fallen into dyspepsia had it been then invented ; but as it was, he never shaved himself without experiencing desperate thoughts. I know not how he could have existed through the last and still unsuccessful week of the term of probation ; but musing one day on his apparently diminished power in the world, and the necessity of reviving it, he had the vision of a board of brokers, and the Devil laughed to think what a great idea it was. About a century afterwards he put his scheme in operation in New-York, and he has since had no fear for his dominion in the world ; for he drew up his specifications in terms plain beyond dispute, and thus it stood, "buying and selling stock on time."

## CHAPTER V.

OUR narrative is drawing to a close. An author, even though his characters be fictitious, acquires an acquaintance with them that he is loath to terminate. We, dealing in truth severe, cannot distribute poetical justice to our characters as the critic might demand. Poor Susan never could forget the polite gentleman who wanted her to write in his pocket-book. He became the god of her idolatry. She sighed for him, and sought for him every where. If a carriage passed the door, she expected to see him leaning from its window; if a stranger arrived in town, she knew it *must* be him. At all the village gatherings she looked but for him; and even at church, the poor ignorant creature fancied he might be present. Twice or thrice she detected him in the heroes of fashionable novels; but they merely fed her imagination. She once went to a camp-meeting, and thought she saw him there; and he may have been.

But be this as it may, the year elapsed. \* \* Benjamin is again seated by his fire — he is wealthier and more hard-hearted than ever. His eye is on the clock — the fatal hour is past — a rap at the door, and Benjamin's old visiter enters; but alas, how changed! His cheek is hollow, his eye dim; he says nothing, he draws forth the contract; he throws it into the flames. But the parchment used by him is of course fire-proof; so Benjamin takes it out, and the Devil honorably erases Peasblossom's name and tears off the seal.

"If I ever," said he solemnly, "undertake again to make a lazy man rich, may I be — sainted."

"Cheer up," said Benjamin, for men with whom all things prosper are great consolers; "cheer up, you have got much to be joyous for." "True," replied the Devil despondingly, "but I have been foiled; there is one vice I cannot manage, one failing too stubborn for me, and that is LAZINESS.

Our story is finished. If there is a moral in it, the reader can apply it. We have but to dispose of our dramatis personæ, and lay aside our quill.

Lazy Jake died as he lived. Peasblossom lived long enough to become the Devil's without a formal agreement; the Devil recovered his cheerfulness, and Susan, surviving her first love, grew up to womanhood, was married, and went the way of all flesh.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

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FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

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AN old man stood at his window on a New Year's eve, and gazed with an eye of settled despair on the immoveable, eternally blooming, heaven above, and the silent, pure, white earth beneath him, upon which, at that moment, there was no being so joyless and sleepless as himself. For his grave was nigh at hand—it was hid only by the snows of age, not by the verdure of youth; and he brought to it, out of his whole richly gifted life, nothing but errors, crimes, and diseases; an enfeebled body, a desolate soul, a heart full of venom, and an old age full of remorse. The lovely days of his youth came back upon him like spirits, and led him away to the bright morning of his days, when his father first placed him at the turning point of human life, whence the right hand road leads by the broad sunlit path of virtue, to a wide and peaceful region of clear light, rich treasures, and heavenly inhabitants; while the left hand one plunges down through the hollows of vice into a dark depth, distilling with deadly poisons, full of hissing serpents, and the damp, sultry vapors of the tomb.

Alas! the serpents were even then clinging to his breast and the poison to his tongue, and he knew where he was.

In despair and unspeakable torture he cried out to heaven, "Give me my youth again! Father! place me again at the turning point, that I may make another and a better choice!"

But his father and his youth were both long gone by. He saw an ignis fatuus playing over marshes and expiring in the church-yard; and he said, "Behold the days of my folly!" He saw a star fall from heaven and melt into darkness upon the earth. "'Tis thyself," said his bleeding heart; and the serpent's teeth of remorse fastened more sharply on his wounded spirit.

While he struggled with these feelings, the song that announced the new year floated down from the watch-tower like distant church music. His emotions became softer; he looked around on the horizon and abroad over the wide earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than he, were teachers of the world, parents of happy children, and blessed by Providence; and he said: "Alas! had I but willed it, I too might have slumbered through this night with tearless eyes. Alas! beloved parents! I too might

have been happy, had I but followed your new year's advice and new year's wishes."

While this feverish thought of his youthful days was upon him, it seemed to him as though a skeleton in the neighboring church-yard rose slowly, and put on his likeness, till his superstitious fancy saw in it a living youth, and his own once blooming youthful figure danced before his eyes in bitter mockery.

He could not bear to look upon it; he covered his eyes, a thousand warm tears fell upon the snow; he could only sigh heavily, hopeless, almost senseless; "Return, my youth! do but return!"

And she returned, for his new year's eve was but a fearful dream; he was still young. Only his errors were no dream; but he thanked God that he was allowed, while yet in his youth, to turn aside from the foul by-ways of vice to the sunny path which leads to the land of purity and happiness.

Youthful reader, if thou, like him, art upon the road of error, turn like him. This fearful dream will one day be thy judge; but when thou shalt exclaim in anguish, "Return, my youth!" it will not return.

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### PILGRIMAGE TO THE TOMB OF THE CID.\*

"En San Pedro de Cardesia,  
"Esta el Cid embalsamado;  
"El vencedor no vencido,  
"De Moros, ni de Christianos."

ROMANCERO DEL CID.

I CANNOT easily describe the feeling of pleasure with which I strolled over the renowned and noble old city of Burgos. The beauty of the surrounding country and of its own situation, the magnificent cathedral, which constitutes so perfect a specimen of Gothic architecture, and the unnumbered convents of massive and grand construction, ornamented with frescos illustrative of battles of the faith, in which Moors are trampled under the horses' hoofs of their Christian adversaries, or graced by the stately tombs of royal founders, for the rest of whose souls masses are still daily chanted at the distance of many centuries — all combine to tempt the loitering traveller to linger in its precincts. It was, however, the countless associations of the Cid which constituted, in my eyes, the chief attraction of Burgos; and the pilgrim-

\* From "Spain Revisited," a MS. work.

age which I made to the tomb of the Champion, in San Pedro de Cardina, will ever be remembered among the most pleasing excursions that I have made.

Though lodged in the posthouse, it was with no little difficulty that I got myself mounted for the journey, inasmuch as the Carlists hovering about Burgos took the liberty of dismounting every horseman that fell in their way, to mount their cavalry; giving no other apology than that the king had need of the beast, together with a rib-roasting and stabs, if the first reason were insufficient or unsatisfactory.

There was, as hanger-on about the inn, a toothless and superannuated postillion and calesero, by the name of Cadenas, who usually appeared in a motley dress, borrowed from various provinces of Spain, with the convenience of the various articles of which, his frequent and far-extended rambles had brought him acquainted. Thus, in connexion with a calesero jacket, bedecked with patches of bright-colored cloth in the shape of beasts, birds, or trees, he wore a red Catalan cap, long trousers, with red stripes, over which he yet had a leather spatterdasher, though on his feet were nothing but open grass sandals, unaccompanied by a stocking. This old fellow, then, who knew every thing, and was ever ready to gain an honest pistareen in any required way, undertook to find an animal for me, and, after a short delay, made his appearance at full gallop, mounted on a shuffling little poney, hid away, and rendered invisible to Carlist or Christino, under a high-peaked saddle. There was not the least danger of this unpretending little animal's being turned into a war-horse, even if he were discovered by a foraging guerilla party; so I sallied boldly forth upon him, secure of not being dismounted, to visit the tomb of the Cid, and achieve by the way such adventures as I might.

Taking the road along the river-bank, I soon came to the Carthusian convent of Miraflores, whose church presents a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. On procuring admittance to the interior, I found a lay brother in the act of conducting two Benedictine monks, who had come from Burgos to see the convent, and whom I was permitted to accompany. The cloisters were spacious and of beautiful construction, and the church was very grand and noble; in the choir was a gorgeous monument over the remains of the parents of Isabella the Catholic. The old monk who conducted us, though bound by the same vows and austere restrictions with the rest of the community, was only a lay brother, and could not say mass, being ignorant and uneducated. He was dressed in the serge robes of his order, and had a perfectly white beard, which, as he stooped low in leaning on his staff, descended below the girdle. His was another instance of the taste for conventual life founded on the idleness of the camp, for he had served ten years as a soldier, having been in the army acting against

France after the execution of Louis XVI., after which he entered the convent, where he had remained during the last forty years, with the exception of the period during which the convents were shut up by the French.

Taking leave of the hoary old monk, I mounted my palfrey and ambled across the fields in the direction of San Pedro, having nothing but a bridle-path to guide me, and an occasional opportunity of inquiring of a shepherd tending his flocks. The country, which was on the rise, became gradually barren and desolate, and as the road usually followed the ravines, the scene was so circumscribed as to increase the impression of loneliness. My little horse, however, furnished company as well as excitement, bearing me onward at a rapid rate; which was the more necessary, that there only remained an hour more of day, and that it would be barely possible for me to reach the convent and fulfil my errand there ere that hour should be over.

Overtaking, at length, as I wound up an ascent, a peasant girl, followed by a dog, and carrying over her shoulder saddle-bags, out of either end of which projected the head of a live lamb, I was rejoiced to learn from her, not only that I was in the right road, but that I should come in sight of the object of my search at the top of the next hill. On gaining it, I accordingly beheld the convent, at the bottom of an isolated vale, with a single outlet, presenting a large quadrangular mass, with towers at the angles, but without architectural beauty; a kitchen-garden occupied the valley beside it, and a few sheep browsed on the neighboring hills; other signs of animation there were none to qualify the impression of solitude and loneliness, save what were presented by the spectral forms of six Carthusian monks, who, returning to their convent of Miraflores, strode in a row, at regular intervals from each other, and in the apparent observance of that silence which their vows enjoin, along the summit of one of the enclosing hills, their flowing white robes, falling cowl, and shaven crowns, together with the regularity of their movements, as they presented themselves in relief against the blue sky, presenting altogether a most extraordinary and shadowy appearance. The back-ground of the scene was formed by a ridge of snow-covered mountains, which, bounding the eastward view from Burgos, were here seen to overhang the convent, keeping up the effect of gloom and chilliness with which the beholder was impressed.

Descending into the vale, I came to the Gothic portal of the convent, over which was a singularly-sculptured relief, representing the Cid in plumes and panoply of steel, mounted on his Babieca, riding over the heads of Moors, with the redoubted Tizona lifted in the attitude of striking, while the horse, partaking of his master's ardor, is trampling the infidels under his feet with the energy of a believer. The whole group, being painted and gilded, has a very singular ap-

pearance, and an air of strange reality. If I, heretic as I was, were able to encounter the Cid, thus invested with all the circumstances of terror which are ascribed to him, with some composure, it was not so with the reception given me by an immense dog, with a corresponding voice and most ferocious disposition, who would probably have devoured both me and my little horse, had not an aged porter stretched his head from the window, and by one word of conciliation converted him from an enemy into a familiar friend. I asked for admission to the tomb of the Cid, and was told that the thing was impossible, as the monks were just then in the choir, chanting an evening service to the Virgin; on sending in word, however, that I was a foreigner, a very old man, whom I discovered to be the sub-prior, came forth, and after saluting me courteously, directed me to go round to the door of the chapel, which he ere long opened from within to admit me. I found myself in a vast and noble temple, which, although no worshipper was any where seen kneeling towards the altar, was resounding with the loud chants of the unseen monks, hidden in the recesses of the lofty choir.

In a chapel on the right hand, about midway from the door to the altar, is the tomb of the Cid, within which, in the language of his epitaph, "is shut up what remains of this unconquerable, famous, and triumphant warrior." In the same tomb lies his wife, Ximena. Side by side they repose within the tomb, above which their figures are represented in marble, in the same recumbent posture. There is something vastly more appropriate in this mortal posture observed in the ancient monuments, than in the modern custom of representing a hero in the full glow of health, and in the execution of the great action of his life, or else in the very act of taking leave of it. There is something infinitely more terrible in death than in the dead; the body, writhing in all the anguish of that fearful convulsion in which the soul abandons its dwelling-place, is an object of far more appalling contemplation than that body, when the struggle is at length over, and all is peacefulness and repose.

In this chapel are the remains of all the kindred of the Cid, Lain Calvo, Diego Lainez, and the Cid's daughters, Elvira and Maria Sol, who, after being so foully outraged by the false counts of Carrion, became, the one Queen of Navarre, the other of Arragon; thus mingling the blood of the Cid with the stream from which has flowed the present royal family of Spain, and sending through almost every kingly house of Europe a vein of heroism which is slow to proclaim itself.

There perhaps never was a greater instance of the bad taste of those remorseless grave-disturbers, the French revolutionists, than was evinced by them in removing the body of the Cid from the sanctuary in which it had rested during so many ages, to place it in a conspicu-

ous station in the newly-planted promenade of Burgos. With undoubted justice, as well as propriety, has it been restored to the reclamations of those guardians to whom the Cid himself intrusted it, the monks of this renowned old convent of San Pedro, which, besides its sufferings at the hands of infidels, by whom, in the ninth century, two hundred monks were on one occasion massacred, whose bones were exhibited to me at the bottom of a charnel-house, forming a storehouse of relics for the supply of the whole Peninsula, was connected with almost every event in the history of his life. The name of this convent is mentioned in at least a dozen romances in connexion with that of the Champion; here he gave wise counsel to his prince on the affairs of state; here he kept his vigils before going to the conquest of Valencia, recognizing the principle that the Christian warrior going forth in defence of his religion should put on the breastplate of faith; here, after a solemn mass, the abbot blessed his banner ere he went forth to conquest; and here, having placed in holy safeguard the good Ximena and his daughters, he left them overcome with grief:

"Y luego á Doña Ximena  
Y á sus dos fijas abraza,  
Mudas en llanto las deja."

Hither, when Valencia was won, he sent the first fruits of victory as an offering on the altar, and hence he reclaimed and withdrew his wife so soon as he had a fixed dwelling in which to comfort and protect her, saying, in words which should sink into the souls of all the doubly blessed, with the full weight of the Cid's example —

"Que yo non uso mugeres  
Si non la mia natural,  
Que en San Pedro de Cardena  
Yace agora al mi mandar."

At length, too, when the scene of life had closed, we are told how the Cid, being embalmed, sat in state in the convent of San Pedro de Cardena —

"El vencedor no vencido  
De moros, ni de Christianos,"

decked in his richest robes, having his face discovered, which was grave and majestic, his white beard falling on his breast, and the sword Tizona beside him, and needing no guard but the terror of his name and the awful majesty of his presence, to protect him from the disrespect of the thousands who thronged to behold him. He was in this situation when, according to the romance, a Jew, not less unbelieving than the subsequent Gallic disturbers of his remains, seeing the Cid unattended, approached his person, and reasoning to himself that this

was the renowned Cid, whose beard never man had touched, stretched forth his hand to dishonor it ; for it seems that the Spaniards of those days, among so many things which they had borrowed from the Moors, had learned to look upon the beard as representing the majesty and dignity of the person. The Jew was not, however, permitted to defile the person of the Christian champion by his touch ; for ere his purpose was accomplished, the Cid frowned, and Tizona half flew from the scabbard ; overcome with fear, the Jew fell lifeless on the pavement, and being found there some time after, and restored, related the evil thought that had beset him, and all that had happened to him ; whereupon all gave thanks to God for remembering his servant, and rescuing him from the pollution of a Jew by this miracle, which was no doubt got up among the monks, with an especial view to procure respect for the body of the Cid. As for the Jew, he took the hint and turned Christian, being ever after known as Diego Gil, by which name he was presently baptized, devoting himself under it to the service of God in this same convent, in which he ended his days like any other good Christian —

"Como qualquier buen Christiano."

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## A LEGEND OF MONT ST. MICHEL.

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A SKETCH FROM HISTORY.

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It was on a sultry day in the summer of the year 1620, that two individuals toiled wearily up the landward side of one of that range of mountains that separates the town of Avranches, on the coast of Normandy, from the inland. The erect form and firm step of the elder of the two, showed that his old age was as a "lusty winter, frosty but kindly." And in every motion of his companion was manifested the light heart and untiring spirit of youth. The ascent was steep, and the path winding and rough ; so that by the time the summit was attained, the hardy sinews of the old man, and the lusty limbs of the youth, were equally fatigued. But the scene that there met their eyes was well calculated to make them forget their weariness. Beneath them lay the town of Avranches, at such a distance that the mud and filth of the place were invisible ; while its picturesque cottages and busy peasantry presented only an appearance of neatness and industry more suitable to "la belle France." On either side, for miles along

the coast, villages, forests, cultivated fields, and winding streams met the eye in endless succession ; while in front, looking over Avranches, was seen the singular fortress of St. Michel, surrounded by the still more singular sands of the same name. As these last two objects are immediately connected with our tale, it will be necessary to say a few words in description of them as they appear to our travellers.

The rays of the declining sun streamed full upon the vast plain that lay between the ocean and the main land, partaking of the character of each, yet widely differing from either. From the outer verge of this plain, three or four miles from the main land, arose a tall conical rock, on the summit and sides of which were built a fortress and a town. This plain was the famous sands, and this rock the famous fort of St. Michel. Were the latter less fortified by art than it is, it would still, from its situation, be well-nigh impregnable. Surrounded by a desert of sand, which at the coming in of the tide becomes one vast quicksand, covered entirely with water, it rears itself above the waste, too lonely and exposed to be approached unseen ; while if it were attacked in the broad light of day, the assailants would be engulfed in the devouring sand long before they could obtain a footing on the firm rock.

The younger traveller gazed upon the scene with ever-increasing wonder and delight ; now pointing out to his companion some shady nook in the dark forest, and now directing his attention to the glittering of the rivers as they lost themselves in the sands. "Ay," said the old man, "it is a glorious scene — all France can boast no fairer. I too, when the blood danced as merrily through my veins as it now does through yours, ere the exposure of seventeen summers had darkened the down upon my lip, I too beheld it from the same spot on which you now stand, and with the same feelings of wonder. Little did I then think that on yon sands I should one day narrowly escape a horrid death ; little did I then think that within the gloomy walls of that castle my nearest and dearest friends would one day find a grave. Let us sit beneath the shade of this tree, and while the cool sea-breeze fans our brow, I will tell you a tale of 'the Fortress of the Genii.'"

You may thank a benign Providence, my son, that your youth has been passed in better days than those which, in your father's boyhood, were burthened with gloom and danger, with civil war for our beloved country, and family discord for her oppressed children. The Wars of the League have indeed gone by ; but like the dread tornado we hear of in that new world beyond the sea, they have left behind a wide path of desolation, strewed with the blasted hopes and ruined fortunes of the best and bravest of our land. The hand of war, which was laid so heavily upon others, did not spare my kindred ; and we are now gazing upon the place in which each of my brethren, nearest in affection as well as in blood, were, in quick succession, ruthlessly murdered.

We were all, as you know, the dependents of the Count de Montgomeri, whose noble nature would not suffer him to behold the wrongs of an oppressed people without attempting redress, and whose arm was nerved by the thought, that his father's murder was yet unrevenged. His energetic spirit and undoubted courage made him one of the most active and successful leaders of the Huegonots; and when therefore he announced to his brave companions his determination to attempt the capture of the celebrated fortress of St. Michel — the impregnable fortress — the declaration was received with no surprise, though all doubted whether even Montgomeri was equal to the task. But his hopes of success were well-grounded — no thought of fear entered the bosom of him or his companions, and he had every possible motive to urge him onward.

On the wall of the castle, on the north side, there is erected a small tower, which at this distance you can scarcely perceive, whose base projects a little over the bare steep rock, which at that place goes down, almost perpendicularly, to the sands beneath. In the floor of the tower there is a trap-door provided with tackle, through which it is said the monks, who in days of yore possessed the place, were accustomed to draw up those goods they were ashamed to carry in through the open gate, and in the broad light of day. Though this is the weakest point in the fortification, yet it was supposed to be so secure that but one soldier was stationed there to guard it. This man was bound by the strongest ties, of what nature I know not, of gratitude to our noble master; and though fortune had thrown him into the ranks of our opponents, it was believed that he had not forgotten his former faith, and was still eager to serve his former friends. It would be of little use for me to tell of the difficulties that were met, and the dangers that were overcome, before an agreement was made with our friend within the walls. It was at length, however, determined, that on the appointed night, the Count, with a brave band of an hundred associates, should steal up to the rock, and one by one be drawn up by the tackle of the monks.

The day came; how wearily it passed! The sun went down — oh! how different from that on which we are now gazing — amid a mass of low black clouds that settled down and enveloped the gloomy fortress, as if its guardian genii had summoned their black battalions to come in mist and darkness, and protect their drear abodes. The night advanced, and though the wind and the rain were raging, though we had to grope our way, through thick darkness, over lands, which even in mid-day are dangerous, yet calmly and determinately we gradually approached the rock, and at length stood close at its foot. Would to God we had never reached it, that we had all perished together in the quicksand ere we saw the beacon-light of the faithless sentry; would

that his lying lips had become dumb ere he spoke the words that led so many of my friends and kinsmen to a bloody grave. But anger is now in vain ; it becomes rather to wait patiently for a death, how different from theirs !

I have said we stood beneath the trap-door, and you may imagine with what anxiety we gazed at the twinkling light above, and with what joy we heard the creaking of the blocks and the crank of the irons at the end of the ropes as they struck the ground. Then for the first time we breathed freely ; for we heard in the sound a confirmation of the good faith of our ally. Our joy, however, was short-lived ; for as we surrounded, by the light of dim lantern, the iron cleets by which one of our number was to ascend alone, and with no friendly hand to aid him, to unknown dangers, our hearts again sank within us. Even the bold spirit of our leader was subdued at the thought of the fearful risk which he who first ascended was to run. At length my youngest brother, young in years but the bravest of the brave, stepped forward, and without a parting embrace, without a farewell word, with scarce a farewell look, placed his foot in the iron and grasped the cord. Gradually he rose from the earth, gradually he disappeared ; and oh ! how eagerly did each streaming eyeball gaze after his lessening form ; yet breathless silence chained every lip, and almost stopped the beating of every heart. But when the creak of the descending rope reached our ears, when the clank of the iron was once more heard, a smothered cry of joy arose ; confidence was restored to every bosom, and each man pressed forward with eagerness to join his companions in the tower above.

In this manner did I behold my five brethren disappear ; in this manner, in quick succession, did fifty gallant soldiers unhesitatingly ascend. We listened eagerly to hear when the work of death began ; we expected every moment to hear the shout of victory ; we panted to peal forth the war-cry of the Montgomeri ; but all was silent as the tomb. No clashing of steel or hurrying of feet told of the fierce encounter or the sudden surprise ; the light above still shone feebly through the thick mist ; the rope was still constantly and regularly lowered. Whispers and horrid surmises ran through the group. We looked eagerly around for some mode of solving the mystery. A large piece of timber, some forty feet in length, lay near at hand ; and as the eightieth man was beginning to ascend, I proposed that, having fastened myself at one end, I should be raised in the air until I might be able to see over the ramparts. It was soon done. I was slowly and cautiously raised ; I reached the top of the ramparts — I gazed eagerly. Oh, God in Heaven ! what a sight of horror I beheld ! In an open place below, by the light of half a dozen torches, stood a grim and blood-stained executioner, grasping a long two-handed

sword; from the point of which the reeking gore fell drop by drop. By his side was piled a horrid heap of ghastly heads; and even while I gazed, the same man, from whom but a minute before I had parted, the eightieth of our number, was led in; his head bowed upon the block, and I could distinctly hear the heavy blow of the sword, and see the gush of the warm blood from the headless trunk. I could endure no more. I closed my eyes, and gave one long loud cry of agony and fear. My startled comrades quickly lowered me. I recollect not how I told the hideous tale; but I well remember — oh! I shall ever remember — the taunting devilish laugh that broke from those accursed battlements. It came upon us as the cry of the bird of night comes upon the ear of the murderer. It was echoed back from tower to tower. I fancied that from every lowering cloud that swept by on the wings of the wind, I could see mishapen forms leaning, and peeling forth that demoniac laugh. We paused not, we tarried for one another; but clasping our trembling hands to our affrighted ears, we rushed wildly, madly across the plain. How I reached the shore I know not. The hand of the Almighty alone led me away from the quicksand, and preserved me from the treacherous waters.

J. H. H.

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LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

If sometimes in the dark blue eye,  
Or in the deep red wine,  
Or soothed by gentlest melody,  
Still warms this heart of mine;  
Yet something colder in the blood,  
And calmer in the brain,  
Have whispered that my youth's bright flood  
Ebbs not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,  
Or Arno's yellow stream,  
Each star of memory could awake  
As in my first young dream, —  
I know that when mine eye shall greet  
The hill sides bleak and bare  
That gird my home, it will not meet  
My childhood's sunsets there.

O, when love's first sweet, stolen kiss  
Burned on my boyish brow,  
Was that young forehead worn as this?  
Was that flushed cheek as now?

Was that wild pulse and throbbing heart  
 Like these which vainly strive  
 In thankless strains of soul-less art  
 To dream themselves alive ?

Alas ! the morning dew is gone,  
 Gone ere the fall of day—  
 Life's iron fetter still is on,  
 His wreaths all torn away.  
 Happy if still some casual hour  
 Can warm the fading shrine,  
 Too soon to chill beyond the power  
 Of love, or song, or wine !

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### DE DIABOLO.

THE very existence of the Devil has been denied in these latter days of unbelief and schism ; and this I pronounce to be a most foul, abominable, and soul-destroying heresy ; and, in all probability, one of the most cunning devices of the great enemy himself, to enable him the better to accomplish his wicked ends. With this, however, we have nothing to do, as our object is to write a treatise and not a sermon.

The Greeks and Romans had no Devil ; and how they managed to get along without one, is a perfect mystery to me ; to be sure their gods, and more especially their goddesses, went very far towards supplying his place ; but nothing could make up for the want of a real unsophisticated Devil. When we reflect how much he has to do with all the concerns of life, what a resource in all dilemmas, what a comfort to the desperate, what a support to the most abandoned and wretched, what an all-accommodating friend, we can hardly imagine the machinery of life, among classic nations, to have gone on with any sort of smoothness or regularity without him. One remarkable feature in those nations, was the absence of what we call society. They do not appear to have been acquainted with such a system. Society, as it exists among modern civilized nations enlisting in its numbers all who pretend to rank or standing in the world, with all its laws, stronger than the fiat of a despot, not bending under the terror of dungeons and chains, nor even giving way before the slow but visible approach of death, holding us in the iron grasp of etiquette ; all this was unknown to them.

This universal friend, our great enemy, "*notre ami l'ennemi*," has always made his character conformable to the times, and has evidently

been deeply imbued at every period with the spirit of the age. Among the ancient Hebrews he assumed the same simplicity of character by which men were distinguished in those early times ; and what Job would have done, if Satan had been up to his present tricks in those days, I know not — but I am thinking his patience would have been less famous if he had been tasked as the Devil tasks us now a days — for instance, in reading Cooper's novels, Cary, Lea & Blanchard's edition. Since the days of Job he has made his appearance in several very distinguished forms, besides the constant care he has taken of the ordinary affairs of life. Nor have there been wanting men of sufficient assurance to call upon him in his own dominions, *chez lui*. The first and most remarkable of these visitors is, undoubtedly, Dante. The great Florentine, in his journey down the infernal tunnel, saw, to be sure, a number of minor devils ; but it was not till he reached the bottom that he came into the presence of the great Lucifer, Devil of devils, the father of evil, the enemy of God and men, stretching his gigantic wings over the sea of ice, the everlasting prison of traitors. Dante, I believe, is the only poet who has imagined hell to be an ice-house, the contrary theory being supported by Milton and others, and rendered nearly certain by the testimony of many a writer, now departed, whose experience is not to be doubted. Chaucer was the second distinguished poet who made a visit to Satan in his own dominions. He was accompanied on this enterprise by an Angel, who very politely did the honors of the place to him. After wandering about for some time viewing all the curiosities and obtaining several introductions to the land, Chaucer inquires, with no small astonishment, why he had seen no monks there. "Is it possible," says he to the Angel, "that there are none of them here?" "By no means," replied his celestial companion ; and leading him to the side of our great enemy, he said :— "Haud up thy tail, Sathanas." Whereupon the Devil gave his tail a whisk, and out flew myriads of friars from under it like swarms of mud-wasps from their nest. When Chaucer had seen enough of them, the Angel ordered them all back again to their hive, and the Devil slapped down his tail and fastened them in.

The next remarkable exhibition of the Devil is in Milton — and his Satan is too lofty a character to be properly discussed here. Every one knows what he is, and I will say nothing about him, except to remark that he is the last instance of a heroic Devil. Since the days of Milton, our great enemy has never attempted sublimity of character. Goethe's Mephistopheles is a simple incarnation of placid malice — he would have made an excellent ambassador and minister plenipotentiary to any modern court in Europe, to say nothing of the figure he might have cut at Washington, if he could have managed not to be outwitted

there. I have sometimes thought, when I have been reading certain of our newspapers, that he would have made an admirable editor.— But the editors themselves know best whether the duties would not have proved too arduous for him. Now, only observe the difference between a German and an English Devil — between Goethe's creation and Coleridge's ; the latter is a gentlemanly Devil, which is a phase of Satan that would never appear in Germany ; Mephistopheles is hardly human enough to be likened to any mortal in Germany ; if he had taken the character of a man there, it would undoubtedly have been that of a student, with long, dirty-looking, sandy hair, and wild blue eyes, and a face ten times as ugly as his own ; shabbily dressed ; and walking more like a locomotive than a man.— But in England he appeared like a gentleman,

“ And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,  
As a gentleman switches his cane.”

And he probably wore a handsome coat from Stultz's, and a most knowing hat, &c. &c., and he behaved very much like a gentleman, too, throughout his walk. Tom Moore's Devil in London was quite a gentleman, though he had some difficulties with the editors, which is apt to be the case with all gentlemen as the times go. Indeed, the Devil has become so much like a gentleman in these latter days, that it is impossible sometimes to distinguish one from the other.

I had written thus far when sleep overpowered me as I sat in my arm chair ; the pen fell from my hand, and my head reclined upon the desk. — I had been thinking so much about the Devil in my waking hours, that the same idea pursued me after I had fallen asleep. I heard a gentle rap at the door, and having bawled out as usual, “ come in,” a little gentleman entered, wrapped in a large blue cloth cloak, with a slouched hat, and goggles over his eyes. After bowing and scraping with considerable ceremony, he took off his hat, and threw his cloak over the back of a chair, when I immediately perceived that my visiter was no mortal. His face was hideously ugly ; the skin appearing very much like wet paper, and the forehead covered with those cabalistic signs whose wondrous significance are best known to those who correct the press. On the end of his long hooked nose there seemed to me to be growing like a carbuncle, the first letter of the alphabet, glittering with ink and ready to print. I observed, also, that each of his fingers and toes, or rather claws, was in the same manner terminated by one of the letters of the alphabet ; and as he slashed round his tail to brush a fly off his nose, I noticed that the letter Z formed the extremity of that useful member. While I was looking with no small astonishment and some trepidation at my extraordinary visiter, he took occasion to inform me that he had taken the liberty to

call, as he was afraid I might forget him in the treatise which I was writing — an omission which he assured me would cause him no little mortification. "In me," says he, "you behold the prince and patron of printers' devils. My province is to preside over the hell of books; and if you will only take the trouble to accompany me a little way, I will show you some of the wonders of that world." As my imagination had lately been much excited by perusing Dante's *Inferno*, I was delighted with an adventure which promised to turn out something like his wonderful journey, and I readily consented to visit my new friend's dominions, and we sallied forth together. As we pursued our way, my conductor endeavored to give me some information respecting the world I was about to enter, in order to prepare me for the wonders I should encounter there. "You must know," remarked he, "that books have souls as well as men; and the moment any work is published, whether successful or not, its soul appears in precisely the same form in another world; either in this domain, which is subject to me, or in a better region, over which I have no control. I have power only to exhibit the place of punishment for bad books, periodicals, pamphlets, and, in short, publications of every kind."

We now arrived at the mouth of a cavern, which I did not remember to have ever noticed before, though I had repeatedly passed the spot in my walks. It looked to me more like the entrance to a coal-mine than any thing else, as the sides were entirely black. Upon examining them more closely, I found that they were covered with a black fluid which greatly resembled printer's ink, and which seemed to corrode and wear away the rocks of the cavern wherever it touched them. "We have lately received a large supply of political publications," said my companion; "and hell is perfectly saturated with their maliciousness. We carry on a profitable trade upon the earth, by retailing this ink to the principal political editors. Unfortunately, it is not found to answer very well for literary publications, though they have tried it with considerable success in printing the *London Quarterly* and several of the other important *Reviews*."

The cavern widened as we advanced, and we came presently into a vast open plain, which was bounded on one side by a wall so high that it seemed to reach the very heavens. As we approached the wall I observed a vast gateway before us, closed up by folding doors. The gates opened at our approach, and we entered. I found myself in a warm sandy valley, bounded on one side by a steep range of mountains. A feeble light shone upon it, much like that of a sick chamber, and the air seemed confined and stifling like that of the abode of illness. My ears were assailed by a confused whining noise, as if all the litters of new-born puppies, kittens with their eyes unopened, and babes just come to light, in the whole world, were brought into one

spot, and were whelping, mewling, and squalling at once. I turned in mute wonder to my guide for explanation ; and he informed me that I now beheld the destined abode of all still-born and abortive publications ; and the infantine noises which I heard were only their feeble wailing for the miseries they had endured in being brought into the world. I now saw what the feebleness of the light had prevented my observing before, that the soil was absolutely covered with books of every size and shape, from the little diamond almanac up to the respectable quarto. I saw folios there. These books were crawling about and tumbling over each other like blind whelps, uttering, at the same time, the most mournful cries. I observed one, however, which remained quite still, occasionally groaning a little, and appeared like an overgrown toad oppressed with its own heaviness. I drew near, and read upon the back, "Resignation, a Novel." The cover flew open, and the title-page immediately began to address me. I walked off, however, as fast as possible, only distinguishing a few words about "the injustice and severity of critics ;" "bad taste of the public ;" "very well considering ;" "first effort ;" "feminine mind," &c. &c. I presently discovered a very important-looking little book, stalking about among the rest in a great passion, kicking the others out of the way, and swearing like a trooper ; till at length, apparently exhausted with its efforts, it sunk down to rise no more. "Ah ha !" exclaimed my little diabolical friend, "here is a new comer ; let's see who he is ;" and coming up, he turned it over with his foot so that we could see the back of it, upon which was printed "The Monikins, by the Author of, &c. &c." I noticed that the book had several marks across it, as if some one had been flogging the unfortunate work. "It is only the marks of the scourge," said my companion, "which the critics have used rather more severely, I think, than was necessary." I expected, after all the passion I had seen, and the great importance of feeling, arrogance, and vanity the little work had manifested, that it would have some pert remarks to make to us ; but it was so much exhausted that it could not say a word. At the bottom of the valley was a small pond of a milky hue, from which there issued a perfume very much like the smell of bread and butter. An immense number of thin, prettily bound manuscript books were soaking in this pond of milk, all of which, I was informed, were "Young Ladies' Albums," which it was necessary to souse in the slough, to prevent them from stealing passages from the various works about them. As soon as I heard what they were, I ran away with all my speed, having a mortal dread of these books.

We had now traversed the valley, and, approaching the barrier of mountains, we found a passage cut through, which greatly resembled the Pausilipo, near Naples ; it was closed on the side towards the

valley, only with a curtain of white paper, upon which were printed the names of the principal reviews, which my conductor assured me were enough to prevent any of the unhappy works we had seen from coming near the passage.

As we advanced through the mountains, occasional gleams of light appeared before us, and immediately vanished, leaving us in darkness. My guide, however, seemed to be well acquainted with the way, and we went on fearlessly till we emerged into an open field, lighted up by constant flashes of lightning, which glared from every side; the air was hot, and strongly impregnated with sulphur. "Each department of my dominions," said the Devil, "receives its light from the works which are sent there. You are now surrounded by the glittering but evanescent corruscations of the more recent novels." This department of hell was never very well supplied till quite lately, though Fielding, Smollett, Maturin, and Godwin, did what they could for us. Our greatest benefactors have been D'Israeli, Bulwer, and Victor Hugo; and this glare of light, so painful to our eyes, proceeds chiefly from their books. There was a tremendous noise like the rioting of an army of drunken men, with horrible cries and imprecations, and fiend-like laughing, which made my blood curdle; and such a scrambling and fighting among the books, as I never saw before. I could not imagine at first what could be the cause of this, till I discovered at last a golden hill rising up like a cone in the midst of the plane, with just room enough for one book on the summit; and I found that the novels were fighting like so many devils for the occupation of this place. One work, however, had gained possession of it, and seemed to maintain its hold with a strength and resolution which bade defiance to the rest. I could not at first make out the name of this book, which seemed to stand upon its golden throne like the Prince of Hell; but presently the whole arch of the heavens glared with new brilliancy, and the magic name of "Vivian Grey" flashed from the book in letters of scorching light. I was much afraid, however, that Vivian would not long retain his post; for I saw Pelham and Peregrine Pickle, and the terrible Melmoth with his glaring eyes, coming together to the assault, when a whirlwind seized them all four and carried them away to a vast distance, leaving the elevation vacant for some other competitor. "There is no peace to the wicked, you see," said my Asmodeus. "These books are longing for repose, and they can get none on account of the insatiable vanity of their authors, whose desire for distinction made them careless of the sentiments they expressed and the principles they advocated. The great characteristic of works of this stamp is action, intense, painful action. They have none of that beautiful serenity which shines in Scott and Edgeworth; and they

are condemned to illustrate, by an eternity of contest here, the restless spirit with which they are inspired."

While I was looking on with fearful interest in the mad combat before me, the horizon seemed to be darkened, and a vast cloud rose up in the image of a gigantic eagle, whose wings stretched from the east to the west till he covered the firmament. In his talons he carried an open book, at the sight of which the battle around me was calmed; the lightnings ceased to flash, and there was an awful stillness. Then suddenly there glared from the book a sheet of fire, which rose in columns a thousand feet high, and filled the empyrean with intense light; the pillars of flame curling and wreathing themselves into monstrous letters, till they were fixed in one terrific glare, and I read — "BYRON." Even my companion quailed before the awful light, and I covered my face with my hands. When I withdrew them, the cloud and the book had vanished, and the contest was begun again — "You have seen the Prince of this division of hell," said my guide.

We now began rapidly to descend into the bowels of the earth; and, after sinking some thousand feet, I found myself on terra firma again, and walking a little way, we came to a gate of massive ice, over which was written in vast letters — "My heritage is despair." We passed through, and immediately found ourselves in a vast basin of lead, which seemed to meet the horizon on every side. A bright light shone over the whole region; but it was not like the genial light of the sun. It chilled me through; and every ray that fell upon me seemed like the touch of ice. The deepest silence prevailed; and though the valley was covered with books, not one moved or uttered a sound. I drew near to one, and I shivered with intense cold as I read upon it — "*Voltaire*." "Behold," said the demon, "the hell of infidel books; the light which emanates from them is the light of reason, and they are doomed to everlasting torpor." I found it too cold to pursue my investigations any farther in this region, and I gladly passed on from the leaden gulf of Infidelity.

I had no sooner passed the barrier which separated this department from the next, than I heard a confused sound like the quacking of myriads of ducks and geese, and a great flapping of wings; of which I soon saw the cause. "You are in the hell of newspapers," said my guide. And sure enough, when I looked up I saw thousands of newspapers flying about with their great wooden back-bones, and the padlock dangling like a bobtail at the end, flapping their wings and hawking at each other like mad. After circling about in the air for a little while, and biting and tearing each other as much as they could, they plumped down, head first, into a deep black-looking pool, and

were seen no more. "We place these newspapers deeper in hell than the Infidel publications," said the Devil; "because they are so much more extensively read, and thereby do much greater mischief. It is a kind of pest of which there is no end; and we are obliged to allot the largest portion of our dominions to containing them."

We now came to an immense pile of a leaden hue, which I found at last to consist of old worn-out type, which was heaped up to form the wall of the next division. A monstrous *u*, turned bottom upwards (in this way *∩*) formed the arch of a gateway through which we passed; and then traversed a drawbridge, which was thrown across a river of ink, upon whose banks millions of horrible little demons were sporting. I presently saw that they were employed in throwing into the black stream a quantity of books which were heaped up on the shore. As I looked down into the stream, I saw that they were immediately devoured by the most hideous and disgusting monsters which were floundering about there. I looked at one book, which had crawled out after being thrown into the river; it was dripping with filth, but I distinguished on the back the words — "Don Juan." It had hardly climbed up the bank, however, when one of the demons gave it a kick, and sent it back into the stream, where it was immediately swallowed. On the back of some of the books which the little imps were tossing in, I saw the name of — "Rochester," which showed me the character of those which were sent into this division of the infernal regions.

Beyond this region rose up a vast chain of mountains, which we were obliged to clamber over. After toiling for a long time, we reached the summit, and I looked down upon an immense labyrinth built upon the plain below, in which I saw a great number of large folios, stalking about in solemn pomp, each followed by a number of small volumes and pamphlets, like so many pages or footmen watching the beck of their master. "You behold here," said the demon, "all the false works upon theology which have been written since the beginning of the Christian era. They are condemned to wander about to all eternity in the hopeless maze of this labyrinth, each folio drawing after it all the minor works to which it gave origin." A faint light shone from these ponderous tomes; but it was like the shining of a lamp in a thick mist, shorn of its rays, and illuminating nothing around it. And if my companion had not held a torch before me, I should not have discerned the outlines of this department of the Infernal world. As my eye became somewhat accustomed to the feeble light, I discovered beyond the labyrinth a thick mist, which appeared to rise from some river or lake. "That," said my companion, "is the distinct abode of German Metaphysical works, and other treatises of a similar unintelligible character. They are all obliged to pass

through a press ; and if there is any sense in them, it is thus separated from the mass of nonsense in which it is imbedded, and is allowed to escape to a better world. Very few of the works, however, are found to be materially diminished by passing through the press." We had now crossed the plain, and stood near the impenetrable fog, which rose up like a wall before us. In front of it was the press managed by several ugly little demons, and surrounded by an immense number of volumes of every size and shape, waiting for the process which all were obliged to undergo. As I was watching their operations, I saw two very respectable German folios, with enormous clasps, extended like arms, carrying between them a little volume, which they were fondling like a pet child with marks of doating affection. These folios proved to be two of the most abstruse, learned, and incomprehensible of the metaphysical productions of Germany ; and the bantling which they seemed to embrace with so much affection, was registered on the back — "Records of a School." I did not find that a single ray of intelligence had been extracted from either of the two after being subjected to the press. As soon as the volumes had passed through the operation of yielding up all the little sense they contained, they plunged into the intense fog, and disappeared for ever.

We next approached the verge of a gulf, which appeared to be bottomless ; and there was dreadful noise, like the war of the elements, and forked flames shooting up from the abyss, which reminded me of the crater of Vesuvius. "You have now reached the ancient limits of hell," said the demon, "and you behold beneath your feet the original chaos on which my domains are founded. But within a few years we have been obliged to build a yet deeper division beyond the gulf, to contain a class of books that were unknown in former times." "Pray, what class can be found," I asked, "worse than those which I have already seen, and for which it appears hell was not bad enough?" "They are American re-prints of English publications," replied he, "and they are generally works of such a despicable character, that they would have found their way here without being re-published ; but even where the original work was good, it is so degenerated by the form under which it re-appears in America, that its merit is entirely lost, and it is only fit for the seventh and lowest division of hell."

I now perceived a bridge spanning over the gulf, with an arch that seemed as lofty as the firmament. We hastily passed over, and found that the farthest extremity of the bridge was close by a gate, over which was written three words. "They are the names of the three furies who reign over this division," said my guide. I of course did not contradict him ; but the words looked very much like some I had seen

before ; and the more I examined them, the more difficult was it to convince myself that the inscription was not the same thing as the sign over a certain publishing house in Philadelphia.

"These," said the Devil, "are called the three furies of the hell of books ; not from the mischief they do there to the works about them, but for the unspeakable wrong they did to the same works upon the earth, by re-printing them in their hideous brown paper editions." As soon as they beheld me, they rushed towards me with such piteous accents and heart-moving entreaties, that I would intercede to save them from their torment, that I was moved with the deepest compassion, and began to ask my conductor if there were no relief for them. But he hurried me away, assuring me that they only wanted to sell me some of their infernal editions, and the idea of owning any such property was so dreadful that it woke me up directly.

## HYMN DURING BATTLE.

TRANSLATED LITERALLY FROM THE GERMAN OF KOENER.

FATHER, I call on thee !  
The cannon's smoke-clouds are round me roaring,  
Their rattling lightnings around me are pouring,  
Ruler of battles ! I call on thee ;  
O Father, guide thou me !

2.

O Father, guide thou me !  
Whether to triumph, or from life to sever,  
Lord, thy commands are righteous ever :  
Lord, as thou wilt, so guide thou me !  
God, I acknowledge thee !

3.

God, I acknowledge thee !  
Mid the autumn leaves eddying together,  
Mid the battle-thunder-weather,  
Fountain of Mercy, praises to thee !  
O Father, bless thou me !

4.

O Father, bless thou me !  
My life I commend to thee, Lord of heaven ;  
Thou canst resume it, by thee 'twas given,  
Whether living or dying, bless thou me !  
Father, praise unto thee !

5.

Father, praise unto thee !  
For earthly dross we are not contending,  
But truth and right with our swords defending ;  
Then, conquering or dying, praises to thee !  
Father, I trust in thee !

## 6.

Father, I trust in thee!  
 When death's thunders my knell are sounding,  
 When from severed veins my life-blood is bounding,  
 Thee, my God, my trust is in thee!  
 Father, I call on thee!

## RECOLLECTIONS.

We sat together — all alone —  
 At evening, in the silent bower,  
 And far the silver starlight shone  
 O'er sleeping sea and folded flower.  
 I know not truly how it came  
 That we were sitting thus together;  
 But love, I know, is hard to tame,  
 And often breaks from Wisdom's tether.

We talked at first of careless things,  
 The weather and the last new novel, —  
 And both were sure the pomp of kings  
 Was nought to friendship in a hovel.  
 With now and then a trembling pause,  
 Our subjects were not very many;  
 And so, — I know not how it was —  
 At last we did not talk of any.

But though we spoke not, all the while  
 Our eyes were sweeter converse keeping;  
 And Love, with many a winning smile,  
 Betwixt the half-shut lids was peeping;  
 And though the bower was dimly dark,  
 I saw the heaving of that bosom, —  
 O! it was passing sweet to mark  
 The opening of love's early blossom.

In truth, we never meant the thing,  
 When first we sought that shady bower, —  
 'Twas sudden, as a breeze of spring —  
 'Twas natural as a budding flower.  
 Alas! that faithless eyes should own  
 The thoughts our inmost bosoms harbor; —  
 'Tis dangerous, love, to sit alone  
 At twilight, in a silent arbor!

That trembling hand was clasped with this —  
 That cheek was resting on my shoulder;  
 And then the long, long, thrilling kiss,  
 When love grew wild and I grew bolder!  
 Long years have seen us far apart,  
 Yet still upon my memory lingers  
 The beating of that gentle heart,  
 The clasping of those pretty fingers.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The American in England.* By the author of "*A Year in Spain.*"  
2 vols. 12mo. Harpers.

FEW writers have with a single effort attained the enviable reputation of Lieut. Slidell. His close and accurate observation; his dry drolling humor, and his unaffected pathos, in the few passages where he has attempted to touch the feelings, as recommended by the easy and flowing style of "*A Year in Spain*," won instantly and warmly upon the public, and made them look with eagerness for any new production from the same pen. When, therefore, after the intervention of several years since the publication of his first work, the volumes before us were announced, the reading public anticipated a work of the same elaborate character as that by which the author won his early laurels. The title of the work, too, which we think singularly impolitic and inappropriate, led them to expect at least as general and complete a view of England as, under the unpretending title of "*A Year in Spain*," had been given of the fairest and most interesting portions of the Peninsula. Consequently when a brief and sketchy, but most entertaining, account of some six weeks' walks through London appeared, more than one reader, who acknowledges himself delighted with the book, expressed his chagrin and disappointment at finding the roving American has carried him no farther from the metropolis than Brighton, though he himself has wandered over the whole of Britain. Of this complaining class we acknowledge ourselves to have been, upon a first hasty perusal of "*The American in England*;" and though we admit that the author's preface (which most people by the by always read last) in some degree qualified our petulancy, we are hardly willing to let him off except on our own terms. And these are, that he will consider "*The American in England*" as only the first of a series of works, like Washington Irving's *Crayon Sketches*, in which he will from time to time give us the result of his observation in the various parts of the world where he has wandered. Nor do we see why, if our suggestion be adopted, "*The American in England No. 2*," would not very agreeably and satisfactorily succeed the volumes before us.

In the mean time let us examine the present book by the only fair standard — not that of our expectations of what it was to be, but what it is. And in this light we consider it the best view of the greatest metropolis of the world that has ever been given by a stranger. It treats chiefly of the appearance, manners, and habits of living of those who constitute the mass of London population; though full notices of the great public institutions, and observations upon the political relations of society, are not wanting. These are all noted and discussed in a spirit of frankness and fairness, though the author does not hesitate very properly to bring his homebred tastes and republican opinions continually to bear upon them. In this respect his work resembles that of the excellent traveller *Latrobe*, who so stoutly maintains his high Tory feelings while commenting with candor upon our American Democracy. Nor would we (however we might differ from him in sentiment,) value a work a rush that did not contain some such passages to show that the writer was in earnest.

The best written part of Mr. Slidell's book is, perhaps, his account of the voyage ; which is given with the spirit of one who since early boyhood has passed his life upon the ocean. The details, however, are so copious and minute, that we shall not attempt to select from them while making our extracts, but follow our author where he first puts his feet upon English soil.

"Though very anxious to see the Dock-yard, I did not, of course, attempt to gain admittance. All persons entering it are required to record their names and places of residence at the gate ; and foreigners are only allowed the privilege in virtue of a specific order from the Admiralty. Such is the vigilant yet ineffectual jealousy with which England watches over all that pertains to her waning dominion on the ocean ; and those wooden walls, which extend the arm of her power everywhere to the remotest seas, and display her proud banner flauntingly and disdainfully in the eyes of an overawed world. If there were any thing new in the science of naval war in England, a single month would, in this age of publicity, reveal it to the whole world. The power of the British navy consists in the vast collection of the materials, the number of her ships, in the skill and experience of her officers, and the excellence of her seamen, nurtured in a commercial marine which covers every sea. Add to this the vast wealth, the accumulated capital, and untold treasures which are the production of previous and still-sustained industry, and which give life and energy to her other resources, and we have the real causes of England's naval superiority, which does not consist in any exclusive ingenuity in the construction and equipment of her ships. The foreigner who would steal into the Portsmouth dock-yard with any surreptitious purpose, would probably be found studying the models of the President, the Endymion, the Blonde, or some captured Spaniard ; and not in carrying off any outlines of those crazy and dancing cockboats, in which the forms of caiques and polacres, intended to traverse circumscribed and sheltered seas, are extended to the largest ships, turned out to roll and wallow in the full-grown billows of the Atlantic ; or attempting to gain a useful idea in construction in the building-sheds of a navy which is abandoned to a wild spirit of innovation, trampling upon established rules and all that experience has consecrated, and which is given up to the ruinous guidance of charlatans and yacht-fanciers."

Our nautical Lieutenant does not seem from this to have a very high idea of the experimental naval architecture of England. His views are, perhaps, in some measure affected by the failure in every attempt to improve upon the models of our old frigates, at home. He comments frequently, however, upon the difference between English and American shipping, and alway in favor of the latter ; while among the observations upon various river and coasting craft, we find the following comparison between *English and American Steamboats*.

"This steamboat, like all in England, was of very different construction from ours in America ; most of ours being constructed to run on rivers and in smooth water. Here there are no rivers, the harbours are generally more or less open, and all boats are occasionally exposed to a heavy sea. Hence they are constructed fuller and deeper, and have no superstructure of any sort, such as pavilion-decks, and roofs for the shelter and comfort of passengers. None of their machinery is on deck ; and were it not for the funnel emitting a black coal-smoke, and the paddle-wheels, there would be nothing in the appearance of their hulls to distinguish them from sailing vessels, for they are even painted in the same way. The travelling-beam and piston, which work up and down in sight in our boats, here move horizontally below. Perhaps this is one reason why the celerity in English steamboats is so inferior to ours ; for, extravagant as the disparity may seem, I do not believe that the average celerity of all the boats in the United Kingdom is more than equal to half that of American steamers. In a noble steam ship-of-war, recently built in England, having two engines of each one hundred and ten horses, the length of the stroke is only five feet, while with us it would be just double. The disparity in speed is not wholly, but indeed very partially, owing to the flat construction of our boats, and the different character of the navigation. In shoal water it is more difficult to displace the resisting fluid, and the velocity is checked. We have steamers built of deeper draught for the navigation of the Long Island Sound, one of which, the *Lexington*, has a uniform speed of eighteen statute miles the hour ; and the

Charleston packets, which are exposed occasionally, in passing along the Gulf Stream, to as terrific storms and as dangerous seas as any to be encountered on the boisterous coasts of the United Kingdom, go at a velocity of from twelve to thirteen knots."

On the road from Portsmouth to London, Mr. Slidell is much struck with that attention to gardening, and ornamenting their grounds, which, from the general absence of the taste at home, he considers peculiarly English; though it is to be traced in a strong degree among the early French settlers of this country wherever they have established themselves.

"The country had not, by nature, a very picturesque conformation, and was but slightly wooded. Neither were there, as yet, any of those vast parks and venerable mansions which constitute the marked attribute of the scenery of England, and attest the magnificent tastes and unbounded wealth of her gentry. Still there were lesser undulations of the soil, over which the road wound gently, commanding, ever and anon, from the summits, views of the busy and crowded river and the country around it. The scenes, though still of the same character, were yet perpetually varying, as the road, defying the straight lines of France, of Spain, and of my own country, gently and capriciously meandered through valleys and hamlets, and over little antiquated bridges that spanned the modest streamlets. On either side were hedges of hawthorn, elder, or holly, in the place of our less picturesque enclosures; while the precincts of the estates were yet farther marked by rows of bending elms.

"There was occasionally a villa of a more modest character, quaint, yet not ungraceful in its architecture, with a paddock stretching towards the road, whose short smooth sward a pony would be cropping, teased at his meal by the caresses of a group of healthful children under the guidance of a nursery-maid. A cow might be seen submissively yielding to the dairy-maid the healthful nutriment which was to accompany the evening meal. At the sheltered side of the house, which was usually overrun with ivy and eglantine, a small enclosure, bounded by a neat railing of iron, formed the little flower-garden, which still displayed the gaudy coloring of dahlias and roses, while gold-trees and laurels prolonged the season of verdure, and kept the idea of winter aloof. If there were nothing of luxury in all this, there was yet all that was required to impart comfort and joy to a contented mind. I saw many modest habitations like this, which, placed in my own country on any one of the thousand unnoticed and unimproved sites of my native Hudson, would have bounded the circle of my unambitious hopes."

We next view our author in London; it is his first night in the mighty Babylon, and feeling himself an isolated unit in the grand sum of human existence collected there, he sits down and gives us the following capital picture of *still* life in a coffee-room.

"The coffee-room, into which I now entered, was a spacious apartment of oblong form, having two chimneys with coal fires. The walls were of a dusky orange; the windows at either extremity were hung with red curtains, and the whole sufficiently well illuminated by means of several gas chandeliers. I hastened to appropriate to myself a vacant table by the side of the chimney, in order that I might have some company besides my own musing, and be able, for want of better, to commune with the fire. The waiter brought me the carte, the list of which did not present any very attractive variety. It struck me as very insulting to the pride of the Frenchman, whom I had caught a glimpse of on entering, not to say extremely cruel, to tear him from the joys and pastimes of his belle France, and conduct him to this land of fogs, of rain, and gloomy Sundays, only to roast sirloins and boil legs of mutton.

"The waiter, who stood beside me in attendance, very respectfully suggested that the gravy-soup was exceedingly good; that there was some fresh sole, and a particularly nice piece of roastbeef. Being very indifferent as to what I ate, or whether I ate anything, and moreover quite willing to be relieved from the embarrassment of selecting from such an unattractive bill of fare, I laid aside the carte, not however before I had read, with some curiosity, the following singular though very sensible admonition, 'Gentlemen are particularly requested not to miscarve the joints.'

"I amused myself with the soup, sipped a little wine, and trifled with the fish. At length I found myself face to face with the enormous sirloin. There was some-

thing at least in the rencounter which conveyed the idea of society; and society of any sort is better than absolute solitude.

"I was not long in discovering that the different personages scattered about the room in such an unsocial and misanthropic manner, instead of being collected about the same board, as in France or my own country, and, in the spirit of good fellowship and of boon companions, relieving each other of their mutual ennui, though they did not speak a word to each other, by which they might hereafter be compromised and socially ruined, by discovering that they had made the acquaintance of an individual several grades below them in the scale of rank, or haply as disagreeably undeceived by the abstraction of a pocket-book, still kept up a certain interchange of sentiment, by occasional glances and mutual observation. Man, after all, is by nature gregarious and social; and though the extreme limit to which civilization has attained in this highly artificial country may have instructed people how to meet together in public places of this description without intermixture of classes or mutual contamination, yet they cannot, for the life of them, be wholly indifferent to each other. Though there was no interchange of sentiments by words then, yet there was no want of mutual observation, sedulously concealed indeed, but still revealing itself in a range of the eye, as if to ask a question of the clock, and in furtive glances over a book or a newspaper.

"In the new predicament in which I was now placed, the sirloin was then exceedingly useful. It formed a most excellent line of defence, an unassailable breast-work, behind which I lay most completely intrenched, and defended at all points from the sharp-shooting of the surrounding observers. The moment I found myself thus intrenched, I began to recover my equanimity, and presently took courage — bearing in mind always the injunction of the bill of fare, not to miscarve the joints — to open an embrasure through the tender loin. Through this I sent my eyes sharp-shooting towards the guests at the other end of the room, and will, if the reader pleases, now furnish him with the result of my observations.

"In the remote corner of the coffee-room sat a party of three. They had finished their dinner, and were sipping their wine. Their conversation was carried on in a loud tone, and ran upon lords and ladies, suits in chancery, crim. con. cases, and marriage settlements. I did not hear the word dollar once; but the grander and nobler expression of thousand pounds occurred perpetually. Moreover, they interlarded their discourse abundantly with foreign reminiscences and French words, coarsely pronounced, and awfully anglicised. I drew the conclusion from this, as well as from certain cant phrases and vulgarisms of expression in the use of their own tongue, such as "regularly done" — "completely floored," — "split the difference," that they were not the distinguished people of which they labored to convey the impression.

"In the corner opposite this party of three, who were at the cost of all the conversation of the coffee-room, sat a long-faced, straight-featured individual, with thin hair and whiskers, and a bald head. There was a bluish tinge about his cheekbones and nose, and he had, on the whole, a somewhat used look. He appeared to be reading a book which he held before him, and which he occasionally put aside to glance at a newspaper that lay on his lap, casting, from time to time, furtive glances over book or newspaper at the colloquial party before him, whose conversation, though he endeavored to conceal it, evidently occupied him more than his book.

"Halfway down the room, on the same side, sat a very tall, rosy young man, of six-and-twenty or more; he was sleek, fair-faced, with auburn hair, and, on the whole, decidedly handsome, though his appearance could not be qualified as distinguished. He sat quietly and contentedly, with an air of the most thoroughly vacant bonhomme, never moving limb or muscle, except when, from time to time, he lifted to his mouth a fragment of thin biscuit, or replenished his glass from the decanter of black-looking wine beside him. I fancied, from his air of excellent health, that he must be a country gentleman, whose luxuriant growth had been nurtured at a distance from the gloom and condensation of cities. I could not determine whether his perfect air of quiescence and repose were the effect of consummate breeding, or simply a negative quality, and that he was not fidgety only because troubled by no thoughts, no ideas, and no sensations.

"There was only one table between his and mine. It was occupied by a tall, thin, dignified-looking man, with a very grave and noble cast of countenance. I was more pleased with him than with any other in the room, from the quiet, musing, self-forgetfulness of his air, and the mild and civil manner in which he addressed the servants. These were only two in number, though a dozen or more tables

were spread round, each capable of seating four persons. They were well-dressed, decent-looking men, who came and went quickly, yet quietly, and without confusion, at each call for George or Thomas. The patience of the guests seemed unbounded, and the object of each to destroy as much time as possible. The scene, dull as it was, furnished a most favorable contrast to that which is exhibited at the ordinaries of our great inns, or in the saloons of our magnificent steamers.

"Having completed my observations under cover of the sirloin, I deposed my knife and fork, and the watchful waiter hastened to bear away the formidable bulwark by whose aid I had been enabled to reconnoitre the inmates of the coffee-room. A tart and some cheese followed, and then some dried fruits and thin wine biscuits completed my repast. Having endeavored ineffectually to rouse myself from the stupefaction into which I was falling, by a cup of indifferent coffee, I wheeled my capacious arm-chair round, and took refuge from surrounding objects by gazing in the fire."

Leaving this drowsy realm let us now follow 'The American' in his walks through the most magnificent public domain in the world. We are exceedingly fond in this country of boasting of our broad streets and public squares — and Boston indeed with her Mount Auburn, and Philadelphia, with her numerous wooded enclosures, perhaps with some justice; — but what would the citizens of New-York say should their worthy corporation enclose an area like Regent's Park, of *five hundred acres*, for the benefit of the public?

"Gloucester Gate is another grand entrance to the Park. It is a species of triumphal arch, in Doric taste. I looked out of it, and walking a few steps, came to a bridge over the Regent's Canal, on the banks of which stands a charming collection of little ornamented cottages of the Elizabethan, Gothic, or Saxon architecture. Many of these have a grotesque and quaint appearance, yet the effect of the whole is pleasing and agreeable. Small, but beautifully arranged gardens and mimic conservatories swept down to the borders of the stream. I had occasion afterward to enter some of these, and found them filled with all imaginable comforts.

"I could not but regret the unfavorable character of the comparison between these charming cottages, and the tasteless masses of brick and mortar in which people of the same class and of greater means are contented to live in my own country. The greater mansions overlooking the Park, though they pay oppressive taxes of various sorts well-nigh equal to the rent, are not more expensive to the tenant than the graceless edifices of equal size from which our city magnates look out rejoicingly into the dust, tumult, and deafening clatter of Broadway; while these modest and charming cottages offer to the individual of humble means, each such a little castle of comfort, such an epitome of all that the heart of man longs for in the habitation of his body, as could not be procured with us at any price, except only at the trouble of creating it.

"The plan of Regent's Park was formed, under the direction of the commissioners of Woods and Forests, aided by their architect, Mr. Nash, of those magnificent improvements, which were to me a source of increasing delight the longer I had an opportunity of observing them. The Park, consisting of five hundred acres, was laid out in the happiest taste of an art which is essentially English; and the surrounding grounds were leased to enterprising speculators, with the condition of building upon a stipulated plan. After all, it was individual wealth, and capital originating from the same sources which are so rapidly developing it in our own country, which led to all these splendid creations. Nor am I quite sure that the corporation of my native city have not a control over large tracts of land which a few years will bring within its inhabited precincts. No situation offers greater capabilities for ornamental improvement than the island of Manhattan, on which New-York is situated. On one hand lies one of the noblest rivers of a world, in which every thing is on a grand scale; on the other, and at a distance of two or three miles, a beautiful arm of the sea. Nature has thrown its surface into a pleasing variety of hill and hollow, of rock and glen, and picturesque ravine. What has art hitherto done to heighten these beauties? Why, she has approached her task under the guidance of a blind and mistaken utility, taking no counsel of good taste. Hills have been cut away and cast down into the adjoining hollows; rocks blown asunder and prostrated; coves filled up to be on an equality with the headlands that enclosed them; the whole surface of the country revolutionized; that which nature

placed at the top cast to the bottom; the sources of maladies prepared by the efforts to promote health; beautiful groves cut down to make room, at best, for rows of Lombardy poplars; compact masses of brick edifices run up, without any reservation of promenades for the recreation and health of those who are to inhabit them; a thousand things begun, and scarce one finished; and the whole scene brought, under the pretext of improvement, to present one desolating spectacle of chaotic confusion; while in this quarter of London, which is as modern as many parts of New-York, the effect of newness is already banished. Whatever has been done, has been done permanently; hedges, gardens, and plantations have been quickly created to gloss over and smooth away the rugged aspect of innovation.

"Our large, wealthy, and growing metropolis should have in its perpetual employ an architect of ability and cultivated tastes. He should visit the capitals of Europe, and imbue his mind with whatever ideas of convenience, elegance, or grandeur they may present; and he should especially study the liberal and enlightened improvements, and the domestic architecture, in its more modest forms, of the people from whom we sprang, and whose tastes are destined to become our own. Nowhere in England could he find more happy sources of inspiration than in Regent's Park and its ornamented precincts. \* \* \* \*

"From this point the grounds of the Park are seen with all their beauty. They present a great variety of agreeable objects, groves, gardens, sheets of water, the indentation of whose shores imitates the graceful caprice of nature, interspersed with villas, lodges, and airy bridges, and the view being closed in the distance by the nave and towers of St. Catharine's, the dome of the Coliseum, and the colonnades of the adjoining terraces. The inhabitants of these mansions enjoy, in the heart of a great city, the sight of whatever is pleasing in the aspect of the most highly-ornamented scenes of rural life—for even sheep and cattle were not wanting to complete the picture of pleasing rusticity. Nor is it only in the sight of these objects, that they found gratification. While many rolled over the smooth avenues in luxurious equipages, others of either sex ambled on beautiful and highly mettled horses, followed by neatly-dressed and equally well-mounted grooms; while others, with an air of not inferior enjoyment, rambled on foot over the gravelled walks of the enclosures, or, seated on rustic benches at the sunny side of a grove, or by the margin of the water, pored over the pages of some attractive author;—haply a Thomson, a Cowper, or some one of those descriptive poets of the land, who have sung so sweetly of rural scenes, to a people formed by their tastes to appreciate their descriptions and to sympathize in their ecstasies. The laugh and lively prattle of children, too, gave to the scene its most pleasing character of animation. Some were ferried over the water in pretty wherries, while others, hanging over the railings of the airy bridges which spanned the stream, seemed delighted to divide their luncheon with the majestic swans which sailed proudly below, and which for a moment forgot their stateliness and dignity in their eager efforts to catch the descending morsels."

In the ample details of English life and scenery given by Prince Puckler Muskau, there was nothing delighted us more than his pictures of those magnificent parks, "lovely in England's fadeless green," which are scattered in such profusion over the island. Mr. Slidell seems to have been equally captivated with the rural beauties of England, and, slight as are the glimpses of the country he affords us, they are always vivid and striking. Two of these passages (on pages 142 and 144, vol. 2,) we had selected from the others on account of the just and beautiful reflections that accompany them, but our extracts have already filled a space that prevents our adding to their number. "A hurdle race," commencing on page 178 of the same volume, was also pencilled for insertion here, as being one of the most animated pictures of the bold and enduring spirit with which English gentlemen pursue the manly sports of the field, that we recollect to have met with. There are no riders to be found in this country who display the desperate horsemanship Mr. Slidell has commemorated, except, perhaps, in some parts of the Alleghanies, where they hunt deer in the saddle through woods and among rocks, where it would seem impossible for a horse to make his way at the slowest pace and without a rider.

The London low-life scenes which follow this part of the book, are so little to our taste that we glanced at them sufficiently only to see that our author has not yet cor-

rected a redundancy of fancy which gave birth to some of the greatest blemishes in "A Year in Spain," and many which in a future edition will, we trust, be blotted from these volumes.

Commencing on page 212 of the second volume, we find a description of the den of "The great Publishing Lion" of England, written in such admirable style, and withal so amusing, that we can hardly resist the temptation to transplant it to our pages. But it is now time to close this notice, which has already run so much beyond our allotted limits, that we must omit a still more important passage prepared for insertion. It is a comparison between England and France, which is given as a kind of "summing up" of our traveller, after crossing the channel to the latter country. It is sufficiently good in itself when viewed merely as the result of previous observations given to the reader; but it derives a new value from the fact, that the close and acute student of character who makes it, in addition to an early familiarity with France, had opportunities of studying society in England in its best phases and for a considerable period, which are hardly glanced at in this six weeks' tour. We regret that we cannot enter with our author into those retreats of domestic privacy, where the unaffected simplicity and manly refinement of the higher classes of England so much delighted him; — but we will not insult him with praise for forbearance in describing scenes which, as a gentleman, he could not of course give to the public.

Hoping soon to meet the American again "in England," we take leave of him with the less regret at present, from the promise at the close of his present volumes, that we shall before long hear from him in that most prolific "nurse and breeder" of American citizens — Ireland. And having always entertained an ardent admiration for the gallantry and generosity of our embryo *countrymen* in the emerald isle, we hope that our author (who seems to be a devoted administration man) will make us converts to the doctrine that they are all born-legislators; and better fitted, after being six months on this side of the water, to make laws for Americans, than the educated youth who, because they sprang from American soil, have to wait twenty-one years before presenting themselves at the ballot boxes.

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*The Works of Lord Byron : with his Letters, Journals, and his Life.*  
By Thomas Moore : in 6 vols. Vol. I. George Dearborn.

Our choice and classic-spirited publisher hath here put forth a specimen of American art, which "Ammon" regards with no slight complacency as emanating from the same studio where his own physical lineaments are moulded. If aught can redeem these noble poems from that tumultuous chamber of the infernals, to which a grave and learned treatise in our present number hath condemned them, it would be the beautiful and placid guise under which their savage inspiration is now presented to the public. The haughty master-spirit would have been soothed into momentary complacency with the world, could he have looked upon the broad white margin, the clean sculptured type, and the tasteful embellishments with which each production of his genius, each memento of his character, are here embodied; and, for the first time, given complete to his admirers.

The present edition, which in form preserves a judicious medium between Galignani's single octavo volume and the seventeen duodecimos of Murray, contains a number of Letters and Poems which are not to be found in either. The latter consist chiefly of those which were in Leigh Hunt's possession, and which, as he refused to allow Moore the use of them, have never been included in the same English copyright. The embellishments are selected prodigally, but with care, from the various illustrations of Byron's works, which of late years have been published under such a variety of names. And the best engravers in this country have been

for some time engaged in preparing them for the work. In the way of heads an exquisite specimen of engraving upon steel faces the title-page, while the landscape illustrations are well represented in the beautiful view of the poet's residence at Diodati, which graces our present number, and which was executed for DEARBORN'S BYRON.

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*Analysis of Female Beauty.* By Wilson Flagg. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. New-York: Benjamin T. Griffin. 1834. pp. 108.

Here is a little book, which, from its totally unpretending character, has not been praised — nay, it has entirely escaped the Argus-eyed observation of the press. Few have seen it, and very few have read it. It resembles Wordsworth's Lucy:

A maid whom there were few to praise,  
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone attracts more attention from passing travellers, than does this diminutive volume from the critics. Yet how attractive its title! "Analysis of Female Beauty!" And does it in reality analyze that which cannot be portrayed? Does it bring down to the human understanding, the unessential parts of loveliness, and make us acquainted with the constituent elements of female beauty? No, it does no such thing. Therefore its title, fascinating as it is, is inappropriate. But as we have neither leisure or inclination to give it a fitter name, we must be content with the present — and, like a faithful chaperon, introduce our protégé to the best literary society of both sexes.

The "Analysis of Female Beauty" presents this motto on the title-page — and, from our never having seen it before in any young lady's album, and from a certain family likeness to the rest of his verses, we pronounce to be from the pen of the author, Mr. Wilson Flagg.

Oh, who can wander o'er this mortal soil  
And say no joys exist to bless our toil?  
Oh, who can call this earth a wilderness  
Who feels the power of Beauty's charms to bless!

Not *we*, certainly. We are far too susceptible. We think that there are considerable many joys in this world — and are no sticklers for the Calvinistic doctrine. As for Beauty's charms," we bow to them most profoundly, standing in a more constant awe of them than the citizens of Warsaw of the fortress which the Emperor Nicholas has erected near their fair city to open a regular battery on the very first symptom of disaffection. As we once wrote, when boys, in very choice Latin, we now devoutly believe — "Femina, femina omnia vincit!" Translated into Yankee vernacular, this signifies "Women carry every thing before them." Were Mr. Wilson Flagg less an admirer of the *beau sexe* than he is, we doubt not he would adopt this additional motto in his next edition — giving us credit for the authorship.

After the title-page, and the proper legal notification of the entering of the copyright according to act of Congress, by Benj. F. Griffin, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts (which strikes us as a procedure of unnecessary supererogation), there follows a very sensible and discreet "Introduction." It is very well written and all true, *cum grano salis*. We are not prone to scepticism, but doubt some of the philosophy of Mr. Flagg, chiefly because we do not comprehend it. Here is an assertion that we cannot swallow without the salt: "Moral beauty is that which affects the heart; physical beauty is that which affects the senses." What! does Mr. Wilson Flagg not believe in love at first sight? that which Schil-

ler calls "the instantaneous permutation of being" — meaning thereby the popping out of one heart and the popping in of another? Fie! for shame! Mr. Flagg — a disciple of "Female Beauty," and recreant to the great article of its faith! We cannot allow it! Away with so unkind an imputation! But then what does he mean by "moral beauty?" This surely cannot be seen in the form and features of a magnificent woman whom we pass in the street, quiz at the opera, or encounter at a fête. We gaze on her "physical beauty," which affects the senses indeed, and the heart also, if we may judge by certain palpitations in the precordial region. We are in love before we have time to inquire into the moral qualities — and often, when we think we look upon an angel, we discover that the object of our adoration is — not a saint. The only way in which we can reconcile this apparent solecism of Mr. Wilson Flagg, is by an inference charitably drawn from the concluding sentence of his Introduction: "To a lover of virtue, who is a correct physiognomist, no face can appear beautiful which does not indicate an amiable and intelligent mind." This is the poet's idea rather differently expressed —

"The mind, the music breathing from her face!"

Hence we infer that our author sees moral as well as physical beauty in the first view of a lovely countenance. Rash confidence! mistaken belief! Have a care, Mr. Flagg! Crystals can be set so as to vie in brilliancy with diamonds of the first water: or, to be less elegant, "all is not gold that glistens, by a long shot!"

After the Introduction come the Contents: which show that the work is divided into twenty-five parts or numbers. Each of these is subdivided into two other parts; first of poetry, second of prose. Both are enigmatical. The prose resembles the poetry; the first is better than the last, and the last is more intelligible than the first. In Number one, styled AURELIA — SOBRIETY (the latter is not a surname), we observe a Proteus of an idea, which seems, under various shapes, to predominate over all succeeding numbers. What this is we cannot state, as we expect every reader to procure the little volume and determine for himself. Each number is occupied with a description of some beautiful woman, (evidently intended to be accompanied by a picture, which we recommend to Mr. Allston to paint); and each is supposed to have some distinguishing excellence, — all of which excellencies are discovered by an "Analysis of Female Beauty." *Par exemple*, Aurelia is distinguished for Sobriety — her name probably would stand first on the list of "The Young Ladies' Temperance Society" — Sylvia, for Innocence — Cecilia, for Constancy. Some of the characteristics of the ladies described would be constituents of "physical beauty;" but Mr. Flagg evidently gives the palm to moral perfections. Grace, Vivacity, Cheerfulness, Gayety, have a good deal to do with the physical, but the remainder, such as the above-mentioned, and Modesty, Gentleness, Sympathy, Pity, and Sincerity, are purely moral charms.

Mr. Wilson Flagg is a very good versifier; yet his prose is better than his verse. In both there is a redundancy of expression, which as often flows from a copious, as from a sterile, fancy. There is, however, great repetition in his book — indeed, it must have been extremely difficult to avoid, in descriptions of various beauties, in all of which certain resemblances must prevail. Mr. Flagg's twenty-five prosaic and rhythmical pictures are, as if they were his two dozen and one daughters by the same wife, all with different colored eyes; some short, some tall, some thin, some fat, but with a striking family likeness; and two of opposite characters, look "very alike;" though Virginia Flagg is contemplative, and Lucetta Flagg gay.

Our author's expressions in his descriptions are more similar to each other than the objects described; but as this simple volume was ushered into the arena with no flourish of trumpets, we shall designate some good points and content ourselves with smiling at one or two harmless absurdities, — perfectly excusable in one whose brain has evidently been disturbed by too long reflection upon the charms of "the opposite sex." We called his versification good. It is often harmonious.

Her locks, with negligent and flowing grace,  
 Hang like dark wreaths about her neck and face,  
 Mellow the brilliant lustre of her eyes,  
 And shade her blushes into softer dyes.

His admiration is sincere and enthusiastic; and no lady need apprehend any diminution in the devotional homage of so ardent a lover as Mr. Wilson Flagg. This is excellence enough without seeking for any other. We must, however, present our readers with a bit of prosaic rapture, which, if it be not descriptive of some real fair one, we have dropped a stitch in our guess-work.

"This is the beau ideal of loveliness seldom found in real life, but often visiting our slumbering visions when the faculties are all absorbed in the dream-like contemplation of beauty. It is a species of beauty that dwells in a great variety of features in equal perfection. It is the expression of love itself, adorned with the looks of cheerfulness and simplicity. She is one whom all can love, and but few can refrain from loving. She has a delicious face, which not only captivates the heart, but spreads a thrilling glow of pleasure over the whole system (!) It is that killing beauty which makes stoics susceptible, heroes melancholy, infidels devotional, and fools hang themselves."

Our author is extremely fond of kissing. Witness —

"Attracts your heart, and seems to ask a kiss."  
 "And kindles such an ecstasy of bliss,  
 You'd sell your own salvation for a kiss."

"Cherry lips," "pouting mouth," and "merry dimples," are the burden of his song. Sometimes, in the refined language used by the "gals" at a down-cast quilting frolic, "he wants to kiss, but dasent!"

"So innocent, no mortal lips would dare  
 Intrude a kiss on one so heavenly fair."

And shortly after, in the same description —

"She seems too pure for mortal lip's caress."

Mr. Flagg, as a painter would say, does not understand how to mix colors. "Vermilion," which is his favorite, would be rather gaudy on canvass cheeks. Had either of his ladies such eyes, hair, eyebrows, cheeks, and temples, as he mentions here and there, "Crazy Moll" would be a more fitting name for her than the romantic one which he would bestow. We beg leave to suggest to our author, as an original and forcible appellation for a vixen, should he have occasion to describe such a one—HYENA. We trust we have written sufficient to excite much curiosity about Mr. Wilson Flagg's book.

We have Lavater before us, in four large volumes octavo; but though he treats of male physiognomies in *extenso*, he professes to know precious little about females; which no one can doubt who reads his absurd remarks, far less worthy to be received, in our high and guarded estimation, than this somewhat infelicitously so-called "Analysis of Female Beauty."

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*Stories of the Sea. By Capt. Marryat. 1 vol. New-York: Harpers.*

We are warm admirers of Capt. Marryat's writings; that is, as warm as it becomes critics to be in any thing but invective; it being a long received opinion that a critic, like a corporation, should be a body without a heart — a machine without pulses or circulation, that goes remorselessly to work to make laws for reforming

streets and authors, and cuts through feelings and houses with the coolness and precision of a patent ice-shaver, or any other simple and exact piece of mechanism. This is a digression, however. We are warm admirers of Capt. M.'s writings, and for the simple reason that they are natural. The perfect simplicity of their style—the manly and unaffected English in which they are written, is absolutely refreshing amid the redundant growth of the *intensive* school, which on one side, and the cologne-water class on the other, have so long monopolized public favor.

The present collection of tales are not equal to former productions of the same author. But as they have more of the *striking* in them than he generally thinks it necessary to use, they will probably be not the less popular from the writer having thus accommodated himself to the taste of the public.

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*Notices of the War of 1812, by Gen. Armstrong. 1 Vol.; George Dearborn, New-York.*

In a former notice of this work, which we spoke of as immediately forthcoming, we promised a more minute examination of its contents when it should appear. As a very slight delay prevents this at present, however, we cannot do better with the few sheets to which we some time since had access, than conclude our critical notices with the following extract, which is characteristic of the author's style and interesting in itself.

"The army recrossed the river Detroit on the evening of the 7th and morning of the 8th of August, with the exception of a few volunteers, who, in madness or in mockery, had been left for the protection of such British colonists as yet adhered to the American standard. On the 11th, this shadow of support was also withdrawn; and on the 14th, General Brock, in prosecution of the plan already indicated, appeared at Sandwich, and immediately employed himself in constructing a battery to protect, at once, his present position and future operations. In executing this work, he met with no interruption; as every species of annoyance was either indirectly declined, or expressly forbidden by General Hull. In vain was permission solicited to erect a battery, with which to dislodge or destroy the enemy's shipping; in vain a small detachment of one hundred men, required for the purpose of spiking the British cannon; to these, and to every similar proposition, involving credit to himself or danger to his adversary, the General turned either a deaf ear, or a positive refusal.

"Such was the state of things on the morning of the 15th, when a marquee (the top of which was so painted as to give it a strong resemblance to the British flag) was found erected in the centre of the American encampment. While this circumstance engaged the attention of the troops, exciting the surprise of all and the suspicion of many, a boat from the enemy was seen approaching the shore. The officer under whose direction it came, having announced himself "the bearer of a written message from General Brock to General Hull," was promptly received and conducted to head-quarters. On examination, the letter he brought was found to contain a demand for the immediate surrender of the fort, and a menace of indiscriminate massacre in case of refusal.

"A requisition of this kind, which, in all its aspects, was alike important and unexpected, would, no doubt, have warranted an immediate recurrence to a council of war; but no such step was either taken or suggested. For once the American General appeared to be both competent and willing to act without advice, and to take upon himself all responsibility. He accordingly, in terms sufficiently decided, rejected the demand, and to God and his sword committed the issue. Unfortunately, this defiance was addressed to one who knew well how to appreciate its meaning; and who did not for a moment suffer it to abate his diligence, lessen his hopes, or even increase his circumspection. His measures were pushed with a haste and temerity which excluded all doubts of success; and with a disregard to rules, which sufficiently indicated his own conviction that he was but taking part in a pantomime. The return of his messenger becoming the signal of attack, a fire from the newly-constructed battery was now opened on the town and fort of Detroit.

This continued until ten o'clock in the evening, and was recommenced in the morning, but without any material injury to its objects; and was, in fact, but remarkable from its being the only semblance of stratagem, which the British commander condescended to employ in passing a river eleven hundred yards wide, in broad day, and within stroke of an enemy not less strong than himself. Nor, as the event showed, was there any error in the estimate (which this fact presupposes) of a want of courage, capacity, or fidelity in his adversary; for, on making the experiment, it completely succeeded, and not merely without the loss of a single life, or of a moment's time, but under a full demonstration that neither obstruction nor annoyance of any kind was meditated by the American General.

On crossing the Detroit, it was Brock's intention to establish himself at Spring-Wells, and with the aid of the Indians, so to interpose between the American army and its resources, as to compel it to quit its fortress, and risk a field-fight for the defence of its communications; but having, soon after landing, received new information with regard to the fort and army generally, and having in particular, assured himself of the detachment made on the 14th from the latter under the command of Colonel McArthur, he determined to shorten the process, and substitute assault for investment. The force at his disposal for this purpose did not exceed seven hundred combatants, and of this number, four hundred were Canadian militia disguised in red coats. With this small corps, preceded by five pieces of light artillery, (six and three pounders,) he began his march along the margin of the river; while the savages, by a parallel movement through a wood, covered his left flank. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the head of the column presented itself at the tanyards below the town, (about five hundred yards from the fort,) when the American officer, commanding an exterior battery of twenty-four pounders charged with grape shot, believing the moment had arrived when hostilities could no longer be postponed with propriety, directed his men to point their guns and commence a fire; but the order was immediately countermanded, and another issued in its stead, forbidding every kind of hostility, and menacing with immediate death all who should dare to infract it.

The strength, position, and supplies of the American army, at this critical moment, have been frequently stated, and even judicially established. The morning reports to the Adjutant-General, made its effective force one thousand and sixty, exclusive of three hundred Michigan militia, and as many Ohio volunteers, detached under McArthur. Of this force, four hundred effectives (infantry and artillery of the line) occupied the fort—a work of regular form and great solidity; surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly fraised and palisadoed, and sustained by an exterior battery of two twenty-four pounders. Three hundred Michigan militia, ready to combat for their firesides and altars, held the town, which in itself formed a respectable defence against the best troops, and one quite redoubtable against the attacks of Indians or militia. Flanking the approach to the fort, and covered by a high and heavy picket-fence, lay four hundred Ohio volunteers, expert in the use of their weapons and anxious to employ them; while one mile and a half on the right, advancing by long and rapid strides, was McArthur's detachment, returning by a route which (had a defence been hazarded) would have brought them directly on the rear of the enemy. Of provisions and ammunitions the supply was abundant; fifteen days' rations, and much fixed and loose powder and lead, were amply sufficient for a trial of strength and skill, which a single hour would have decided.

"Under circumstances thus auspicious, 'while the troops, in sure anticipation of victory, awaited the approach of the enemy; when no sound of discontent was heard, nor any appearance of cowardice or disaffection seen; when every individual was at his post, and expected a proud day for his country and himself'—an order was received from the General to withdraw the troops from all exterior positions; to stack the arms and hoist a white flag, in token of submission to the enemy! 'This order was received by the men with a universal burst of indignation; even the women were ashamed of an act so disgraceful to the arms of their country; and all felt as was proper and decorous, except the man in whose hands were the reins of authority.'"

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

**CANADIAN SYMPATHY.** The disastrous fire of New-York seems to call out a warmth and nobleness of feeling from every part of the continent, which it is delightful to contemplate. Philadelphia set the first glorious example. The last manifestation of the same spirit that has come under our notice, was at a public meeting held at the Exchange in Montreal, where the sum of *two thousand dollars* was instantly subscribed for the sufferers. This act, so honorable to the citizens of Montreal, must be highly grateful to New-York, and will, we trust, be long remembered by the American people generally.

A Rail Road Convention is called at Windsor, Vt., on the 20th instant, for the purpose of taking measures for the construction of "a Rail Road through the valley of the Connecticut to the St. Lawrence, connecting with New-York and New-Haven." This project when completed will be a continuation of the New-Haven and Hartford Rail Road to Canada. This new communication between the sea-board and the great river of the north, will be almost as important to this section of the country as the grand undertaking, now in progress, of a Rail Road from Charleston to Cincinnati is to the great region it traverses.

**THE ARTS AND ARTISTS IN FRANCE.** According to a French scientific publication, there are now in France 82 museums, 160 schools of the fine arts, 2,231 artists, whose names have been made eminent by their works. This number of artists consists of 1,096 painters, 150 sculptors, 113 engravers, 263 architects, and 309 draughtsmen. In Paris itself there are no less than 35 schools of the fine arts, 20 museums, 773 painters, 106 sculptors, 102 engravers, 195 architects, and 209 draughtsmen. Total, 1,385 artists. The departments most remarkable for artists and museums next to that of the Seine, are the Nord, the Gironde, the Rhone, the Lower Seine, and the Seine-et-Oise.

**HISTORY OF PHŒNICIA.** It is stated in an English paper, that a discovery of great historical importance has been made at Oporto. The nine books of "The History of Phœnicia," by Philo de Byblos, have been found in the convent of Santa Maria de Merenhas.—

This work, of which one book only had been preserved in the "Præparatio Evangelica" of Eusebius, is now complete.

**ITALIAN LITERATURE.** A correspondent of the London Athenæum states that the author of one of the most popular novels which have as yet appeared in Italy, has just finished another work.—The title is "The Siege of Florence by Charles the Fifth." "Among the characters introduced are Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Luigi Alamanni, Dante da Castiglione, Fra Benedetto da Fojano, Ferruccio, Zanobi Buondelmonte, Carduci, and, by anachronism, Niccolo Macchiavelli—all names which speak ages of glory—all men, the memory of whom renders our present servitude more intolerable and more base. This novel is, if nothing more, a sentence of death upon the ignominies of our age—a malediction against corrupt or basely timid writers. It seems as if it had been written by Dante, Alfieri, or Foscolo."

**LOWELL MANUFACTURES.** A late number of the Lowell Courier contained a valuable article relating to the statistics of Lowell. The prosperity of this place and its rapid increase in wealth and population, are almost unexampled in history. In 1820 the whole population was only 200—at the present time the population is computed at 16,000. The following is the state of the manufactures in Lowell.

Capital stock invested	\$7,650,000
Number of Mills erected	27
Spindles in operation	129,828
Looms	4,197
Females employed	5,416
Males	1,477
Yards of cloth made per week	849,300
Yards of cloth made per an.	44,163,600
Pounds of cotton wrought do.	13,676,600
Bales of cotton used per week	732
Yards of cotton dyed and printed per week	233,000
Tons of anthracite coal expended per annum	9,453
Bushels of charcoal	500,000
Cords of wood per annum	4,690
Gallons of Oil	54,824
Average wages of females clear of board	\$2
Average amount of wages paid per month	\$106,000
Consumption of starch per annum	510,000

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FOR JANUARY, 1836.

- Apostles, Lives of the. By F. W. Greenwood, Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. 18mo. 2d ed. Hilliard, Gray & Co. Boston.
- Biographical Dictionary. — Containing the Lives of the most Eminent Persons of all ages and nations. By E. Bellchamber. In 4 small vols., with 320 portraits. Bell & Co. London; Leavitt, Lord & Co. New-York.
- Morrison, (John, D. D.) Counsels, Moral and Religious, to a Newly Wedded Pair; with Hints for the preservation of their health. 32mo. J. D. Strong, New-York.
- Noble Deeds of Woman. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Co. Philadelphia.
- Taylor, (Isaac, of Ongar) Character Essential to Success in Life. Canfield & Robins, Hartford.
- Upham, (Thos. C.) Professor of Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. The Manual of Peace. 8vo. Leavitt, Lord & Co. New-York.
- Miles, (Mrs. L.) Phrenology and the Moral Influence of Phrenology — arranged for general Study, and the purposes of Education, from the first works of Gall and Spurzheim, to the latest discoveries of the present period. 18mo. Carey, Lea & Co. Philadelphia. Also — the same work under the title of the Phrenological Gem. 18mo. Francis, New-York. Also — the same printed on cards, in a case. Ibid.
- Natural History of Insects — Second Series. 18mo. (No. 73 Family Library.) Harpers, New-York.
- Roget, (P. M., M. D.) Animal and Vegetable Physiology Considered with Reference to Natural Theology. 2 vols. 8vo. (Bridgewater Treatise.) Carey, Lea & Co. Philadelphia.
- Chairolas, Prince of Païda. By the Author of "Pelham," &c. With other Tales, by the Authors of "Vivian Grey," "Sayings and Doings," "High-ways and By-ways," &c. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Co. Philadelphia.
- One in a Thousand; or the days of Henri Quatre. By the Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.
- Stories of the Sea — (being a reprint of the "Naval Annual.") By Capt. Marryat, R. N. 12mo. Harpers, New-York.
- Alnwick Castle and other Poems. 8vo. G. Dearborn, New-York.
- Green, (Richard W.) The Scholar's Companion; or guide to the Orthography, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English language. — Containing tables of words deduced from their Greek and Latin roots, &c. &c. 12mo. H. Perkins, Philadelphia.
- Palmer, (Richard) The Bible Atlas; or Sacred Geography Delineated, in a complete series of Scriptural Maps, elegantly engraved and colored. 8vo. Leavitt, Lord & Co. New-York.
- Wayland, (Francis, D. D.) Elements of Moral Science, abridged for the use of schools. 12mo. Wm. Pierce, Boston.
- Brown, (Mrs. P. H.) The Tree and its Fruits; or Narratives from Real Life. 18mo. E. Collier, New-York.
- Sigourney, (Mrs.) The History of Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome. With questions. 18mo. Belknap & Hammersley, Hartford.
- Taylor (Emily) The Boy and the Birds. 18mo. J. Allen & Co. Boston.

## WORKS IN PRESS.

- An edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works is announced in Philadelphia. In one vol. 8vo., and in 4 small vols.
- "The United States' Naval Magazine" is the title of a new Periodical, to be published by the Naval Lyceum at Brooklyn. Number one is in press.
- Works of John Dryden, including his Poems, and a selection from his Prose works — two vols. crown octavo. New-York, G. Dearborn.
- Works of Charles Lamb — in one octavo volume. New-York, G. Dearborn.
- A Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior. By the Author of "Legends of a Log Cabin" — in two volumes 12mo. New-York, G. Dearborn.